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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 2068.

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[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

He Heard My Cry.

Psalm cxx: 1.

Troubles upon me pressed,
And I was sore distressed;
I was weighed down with grief;
I could not then discern
The way in which to turn
To find desired relief.

All things were dark and drear,
Comfort did not draw near,
Sorrow bowed down my soul.
I struggled then in vain
A respite to attain
From ill beyond control.

Futile my efforts were
To overcome despair.
I found my strength too weak
Upon it to rely,
And learned that I must try
Some other source to seek.

Then to the Lord I cried,
Who never hath denied
The prayer repentant stirred;
And from the peace that came
By trusting in His name,
I know my cry He heard.

S. P. LEEDS.

ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN IN THE TRACK OF ST. PAUL—XV.

BY REV. H. V. ROMINGER.

With regret we leave the Acropolis and Mars Hill and sail away in an Italian ship bound for Catania in Sicily. We were on our way to Italy, like Paul when he said, "I must see Rome also." Perhaps we were at times in the very track over which the great apostle had sailed in the Alexandria corn-ship, whose voyage proved so disastrous. Paul was ever moving about on land or sea. He was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel and necessity of missionary work. To be a traveler in Paul's day meant perils and hardships of which we at the present time of steamships and railways can form little conception.

If you had all the Christian inhabitants of the world together, and were to ask them which two cities above all others they would wish to see, the vast majority of them would vote Jerusalem and Rome. It was so in Paul's day. To see and be in Rome was to see and be in the center of the world. So we can understand something of the meaning of the record when it is said Paul purposed in the spirit when he had passed through Macedonia and Achaia to go to Jerusalem, saying, "After that I must also see Rome." We are to-day leaving Athens, and in our luxurious steamer are sailing over these same waters over which Paul sailed, and, like him, wish to see Rome. We have seen Jerusalem and Athens, and we want to see this other city and regions associated with the great apostle to the Gentiles. We want to see these Bible lands—Egypt, Palestine, Greece and Rome, to enlarge our understanding of the Bible and have our faith in Christianity confirmed; and wonderful light is everywhere breaking out from the buried cities and monuments of the past. It is a legitimate desire to see these lands and places which throw light on the Bible and Christianity. In our own land people will sometimes pay fifty cents or a dollar to hear a lecturer prove that our Christian religion is a myth, a dream, a cheat, a lie. It would be more sensible if men would save up their money and their means, and, instead of wasting them in futile efforts to disprove Christianity, would use them to travel here to these Bible lands to obtain additional evidence that our Christian religion is an authenticated grandeur, a stupendous and magnificent fact.

It took Paul six months or more, after suffering shipwreck and enduring terrible privations, to come from Palestine to Italy. Our steamer left Athens on Friday, and on the following Sunday morning we entered the beautiful harbor of Catania. In front of us frowned and smoked Mt. Etna, 10,000 feet above the sea level and thirty miles distant, yet seemingly so near we thought we could almost walk over to its base.

It was a beautiful, quiet Sabbath morning when we stepped ashore on the quay of Catania, and the chimneys of many bells were making music to the sea; for Sicily, which has had several different religions, is now entirely and devotedly Catholic. The city has about 100,000 inhabitants, but it has no objects of particular interest, and the traveler does not care much for its long and regular streets, although one of the longest is named Lincoln street, after our martyred President. The town is built on an old stream of lava from Mt. Etna, which here descended to the sea, and the houses are mostly constructed of lava stone. These, with the lava beds about the city, so absorb the heat of a long summer day that the radiation at night is almost intolerable. We rest over Sunday, and on

Monday drive out to a lofty tower, from whose summit we have an outlook over the city, and Sicily is spread out before us in all its wondrous beauty. Lemon and orange groves and green fields and vines cover the whole landscape. The pretty island of Sicily has 3,000,000 inhabitants, supported almost entirely by the produce of the land, for manufactures are little known. Sicily is classic ground, and has a long and eventful history. It is the largest island in the Mediterranean next to Sardinia, while in its geographic and historic position it occupies the foremost place. The map of Sicily tells its story, presenting one face to Italy, another to Greece, a third to Africa. Influenced by each, it has been the meeting-place of the nations, the battlefield of contending races and creeds.

The Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans and Saracens have all left their marks on Sicily. The Greek colonies which were planted here in the seventh century B. C. built larger and more flourishing cities in Sicily than any which old Greece ever possessed.

The most interesting place in Sicily is Syracuse, on the eastern side of the island, several hours distant from Catania by rail. The ship on which Paul sailed from the Island of Melita was bound for this port, and it was here that Paul remained for three days, waiting for a favorable wind to convey his company on to Rome. As there were Jews living in Syracuse, we may be sure Paul improved the opportunity of preaching to them the gospel. In the vast Catacombs of Syracuse we were taken into the church of St. Giovanni, beneath which is the oldest church in Sicily, the crypt of St. Marcian, the friend and contemporary of St. Paul. In the damp and subterranean chapel, we were shown the altar at which it is said St. Paul officiated during his three days sojourn in Syracuse.

I had often heard of the Catacombs of Rome and had supposed they were without an equal. It is no little surprise, therefore, to be told that the Catacombs of Syracuse are the largest in the world, extending miles upon miles underground, far more extensive than those of Rome, and with broader and more agreeable passages.

Some years ago, a German professor and a party of students were lost, and perished in these underground labyrinths, and were found lying side by side four miles distant from the gate.

Since then daylight has been let in to various places from above, so that you can now wander about here for hours without a lantern. It is thought that Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Pagans and Christians have all had a hand in the construction of this immense subterranean burying-place. It is laid out on a much more regular arrangement than the Catacombs of Italy, and on a plan rather resembling a city with streets and piazzas. Wide passages lead into circular chapels, into whose walls tombs are cut, while the floor is paved with them, and even the pillars are ornamented with the tiny tombs of babies. Here the dead sleep in deepest peace among the countless streets, alleys, endless chambers, niches, spaces and halls. A half-hour's wandering with a guide will satisfy the ordinary traveler, and he will not care to spend much time in the Catacombs of Rome after he has seen those of Syracuse.

Three days were spent wandering about among the ruins of what was once the most important of the Hellenic cities. Strabo says it was twenty miles in circumference, the truth of which the extent of the existing ruins confirms. It is the oldest of the Greek colonies in Sicily, having been founded 734 B. C. It rose rapidly in power, in prosperity, and against its impregnable walls the strength of Athens was dashed to pieces in 413 B. C., and the capital of Greece lost there the prestige and leadership which it never recovered.

For a thousand years, until its power was broken by the Romans, Syracuse was always a city great in war and distinguished in arts and letters. Now a town of about 25,000 inhabitants, at one end of the peninsula, is all that is left of this grand scene of former days and ancient lore. The Greeks and the Romans have forever vanished, the arms and engineering of war have gone, and nothing remains but a desolate, stony waste of broken walls.

Of all the cities of the ancient world that have had continued existence, after a fashion, Syracuse is now the most desolate, impressive and melancholy ruin. The cities of Egypt have hardly been so swept of all remains of power and prosperity.

CHARMING SANTA CATALINA.

BY REV. GEORGE MORRIS.

Nearly two years' residence on this island deepens and heightens my estimate of it as one of earth's paradisaic spots. California has many most delightful places and beautiful resorts that afford residents and visitors great pleasure. The charms of Santa Catalina Island generally, and of its town Avalon in particular, are geographic and local.

The island is fifty or sixty miles in circumference, and some twenty-five miles distant from the shores of Southern California, with nearest steamer landing at San Pedro, the port for Los Angeles. Being insular and in this latitude, gives it a most salubrious climate.

The location of Avalon is unique. All the California mainland coast line is exposed to the prevailing winds and waves from the ocean. Avalon is just the reverse of this. It is on the leeward side of the island, with ocean breezes modified and balmy. The waters of the bay are never rough in summer, and afford the choicest opportunity for safe and excellent bathing, boating, sailing and fishing. Those who wish rough waters may find them a few miles away. Only during a very few winter storms are the waters of the bay unpleasantly rough or unsafe for even the smallest skiffs. An idea of the winter climate may be gained from the fact that during all the last and previous winter myself and boys have bathed almost regularly, at least every week, in the ocean.

The island is mountainous, rocky, picturesque; with an attraction peculiarly its own. Mountain travel on horses, mules, or shanks' ponies, is largely practiced, exciting and exhilarating. Many thousands of wild goats afford excellent hunting. Those who prefer penetrating the quietude of canyon recesses can enjoy that, while shell-hunting, etc., can be enjoyed by those whose preferences lead them that way.

The next season will open very soon this year. The steamer is already running from San Pedro, and will commence regular trips about the beginning of April. Visitors also are coming now, occasionally, by a little steamer from Redondo. Extensive improvements are in contemplation, some are already made or in progress. There will be plenty of hotel and tent room at reasonable rates. Those who wish to can bring their own tents, fixings and provisions. They need strong boots and clothing suitable for boating, tramping, etc.

The two seasons I have spent here have been delightful in themselves, in church work and Christian fellowship. We have had some of the best people and choicest Christians that even Southern California can furnish, with others from Central and Northern California, and still others from the States and lands beyond. These past experiences make me look forward with joyous anticipation to the approaching season, its visitors and work.

I know of no choicer spot even in California, for a healthful, health-giving, restful and reinvigorating outing than Avalon affords.

Last year, the Y. M. C. A. Secretaries' Convention was held here. It will probably be repeated this year. Large numbers of the Y. M. C. A. folks, Christian Endeavorers and Epworth Leaguers come and give us happy times in our services and church work. They come for a good time and have it. They bring their Bibles and religion with them and use them, and have a good time in Christian service and pleasant fellowship.

Last season, I counted up eleven preachers here at one time. So delightful are the services, and so near to the Divine One do we seem to come, that I call this spot the Patmos of the Pacific.

It would be an unspeakable treat to large numbers of our good Christians in San Francisco, around the bay and elsewhere, if they could come by excursions here, arranging with Goodall, Perkins & Co., or Pacific Mail Steamship Co., for their large Panama, Mexican, or Southern California steamers, to just leave them here and call for them at certain dates. This would be direct for passengers and baggage, ought to be quite cheap, and would give the friends trips, tramps, good times, happy fellowships and Christian communions, the sunny memories of which would long shine in brightness and pleasure in their cheered hearts and delighted memories.

I could say much more, but feel I must not trespass further on the valuable columns of the dear old PACI-

fic, and would not have thus trespassed did I not believe I could do some of its many readers good, by inducing them to come and enjoy what so many others have enjoyed and do enjoy. Come.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace E. Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. E. W. B., 1725 Geary street, S. F.

PANG CHUANG.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN PANG CHUANG, IN THE NORTH CHINA MISSION.

[Since we are to have a part in the work of Mrs. Arthur H. Smith of China this year, the following article by Mrs. W. C. Merritt of Tacoma, Mrs. Smith's sister, will be of special interest. It has been prepared at our request.]

In the year 1880, through the efforts of the famine relief workers, the door was opened in a most marked way into the province of Shantung, North China. Here, for the last eleven years, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith and Dr. and Mrs. Henry Porter have, with their different collaborators, maintained a Christian station. Their parish, with Pang Chuang for a center, comprises, within a radius of six miles, 150 villages and at least 60,000 people. In the dispensary at this station, Dr. Porter finds the work taxes his time and strength to the utmost. During the last year, more than 10,000 patients have been treated, and many, it is hoped, have gone away with a new heart healing. While Dr. Porter presides over the dispensary work, Mr. Smith preaches in the villages, visits the great market fairs and makes long tours through the surrounding country. To Mrs. Smith, with the Misses Wyckoff, her invaluable assistants, is assigned the work among the women. A few sketches from her own pen, gleaned from her letters, will give a more life-like representation of some phases of their work and surroundings than could any outside description. Writing of a visit to one of their villages, she says: "We found in the yard waiting to welcome us the sunshiny wrinkled old grandmother, the four brothers and their wives, and a crowd of neighbors and small folks. Among them speedily appeared the fourteen little schoolboys, beaming on us with delight and wild with curiosity about Miss Grace. Was this truly and for certain the 'other one'?"

"How could she be so exactly alike?" I suppose she received, while there, hundreds of times from every man, woman and child who set eyes on her, the solemn affidavit that she was Miss Gertrude's precise counterpart. We almost began to think there must be something in it. The questions buzzed on until the room was ready and we took refuge from the chill of the December evening. Often one does not sleep extra well the first night. We could not have turned our bed on edge and walked off with it in the light and airy manner of American spring-mattresses in advertisements. It was what the Chinese sleep on; namely, a brick platform. The bricks always seem to have a minimum of elasticity the first night, and to be each one inspired with a malicious purpose of its own to seek out those bones in your body which have been rash enough to come near the surface, and make them bitterly repent it. The next morning we began the interesting study of family life which we always have when there.

The bright, bustling, busy grandmother of eighty-three did not seem a day older than last time. A few days before she had tripped and fallen, bruising her forehead badly. It might so easily have been the last of her long useful life; but she could not in honor die then. Before Dr. Porter left he had looked at her sadly, wondering if he should find her on his return. "Shepherd" the cheery voice had said, "Don't you worry a bit; come back early or come back late, I will hang on to life somehow till you come."

Being lodged in a Chinese house means much weariness and always living in a crowd; yet it brings one very near to hearts, making all the hardships of Chinese women come straight home to one. We longed for a quiet, hallowed, restful Sabbath for our toil-worn Christians. Alas, it was a fair day in the village, and it was thronged from all quarters by men and women with market baskets and a busy air. A stream of them began early to inundate our quarters; so while dear, patient Miss Grace worked away on Scripture lessons with the Christian women, I preached to group after group of the strangers, sending up a little prayer for the seed dropped in this far-away furrow. God grant the women carried away something more than cotton and cabbages from that market.

STATION CLASSES.

Our new and most interesting feature of their station work has been the gathering into classes of the women and children for a month of consecutive study. Mrs. Smith says:

"No age lines were drawn for the school. Any women, be she ever so old or stupid, if faithful to her opportunities of home, was allowed to come. Children old enough to sit still and study six hours a day came with their mothers. Some of our pupils were nearly ninety; one had only one leg, one had but one eye, and one was wholly blind, but each could do something for the Master. They struggled bravely against the discouragement of their own slow progress. Pathetic were the nightly petitions, 'O Lord, don't let me forget everything I know before morning.' While explaining to them, we tried to encourage them to undertake the novel feat of doing some thinking for themselves. 'What did God make the sea for?' we asked. One very affectionate and appreciative woman said: 'To make it handy for you to get to us; you'd have been so tired coming all the way in a cart.' One bright young wife pondered thoughtfully over the story of the Garden of Eden, and said hesitantly, 'Doesn't it almost seem as if it would have been better for God not to have put that tree in the middle of the garden at all?' She was found one day in an attentive attitude, but with a finger in one ear. She explained that it was so that what she learned could not go in at one ear and out at the other, but would sink into her heart."

CHINESE PHOTOGRAPHS.

Let me select for you now a couple of photographs: "Dear little Ching, the patient blind child; the dear little girl who never forgot anything, whose memory was full of hymns, and who stood up in her poor old rags the day the chapel subscription was opened first, and held out with trembling eagerness her three hundred cash—all she had in the world—while the Chinese women, accustomed as they are to misery, dropped a tear as they saw through the rents in her old clothes, the pinched emaciated little limbs. Dear little Ching, happy, blest, comforted, caressed at Christ's feet with the other dear lambs. I am devoutly thankful for her, only I miss her so." And this—Helper Hon always had faith, that we could rise and build. Years ago as the tiny contributions from the very, very poor tinkled down into the depths of the contribution-box, he said to a bystander, with a hopeful smile on his fine face, "You think the contribution-box don't amount to anything; I see a chapel in it." At last there came a time when his earnestness and his faithfulness triumphed over all the obstacles which rose, like mountains, in his way, and the Pang Chuang chapel was built. His very life had gone into it. Early and late his blue skirts could always be seen flitting about, watching, guarding against mistakes, engineering, often leaving his meals untasted for hours; indeed, he scarcely seemed to know if he had eaten or not. At last the building stood complete—beautiful to his eyes as the King's daughter, and ready for the consecrating touch. Just then God sent to complete his joy a blessing dearest of all on earth to the Chinese heart and ardently longed for by him. A grandson was born to him, and out of this deep twofold joy he thanked the good Lord and named the little one "Chapel of God." But his work was done. A few short weeks of sickness terminated his precious life. He was the man with whom all this wide circle of work began. We miss his helping hand, his loving thought, his generous outlook everywhere. The chapel is like a monument to him; every brick, every tile, every shining red pillar, seems to re-echo his name. After describing one of their villages, which has been a source of great anxiety when "the women appear and disappear at the meetings like bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope, getting only disjointed bits of instruction," she says: "I have pondered much over the causes of their unsatisfactoriness, and I feel pretty sure that it is because, when they were receiving so much labor and instruction

at the first, we did not realize the importance of insisting that they work for others. They know how to absorb, but not how to give out, and have thus grown narrow and selfish. We could not know everything to start with, but I assure you that is our *sine qua non* now. If a woman has learned only one Commandment, she is to go straight home and teach it to some one else. In that way we are training some live, wide-awake Christians nowadays." Is it possible in Pang Chuang experience there is a suggestion for us?

MISSIONARY PRAYER-MEETING.

One more picture—a missionary prayer-meeting in far-away Pang Chuang: First I asked them to pray for America, which made their eyes stand out. I described the tremendous masses of foreigners all speaking strange tongues and so hard to reach. The women prayed for them with a will. Then I told them of Africa, of its black people, of the horrible slave ships and the suffering endured on them, and how the big countries were trying to stop slavery and the slave trade. I spoke of the deadly climate of parts of Africa, and repeated that pathetic story of Professor Drummond's of the mission station with its neat, comfortable little dwellings, its nice schoolhouse all in perfect order, benches, desks, blackboard, chalk, books and all, with a solemn deadly silence everywhere, and how he went out wondering, to find the row of graves at the back. The women were quite overcome at the thought of a place where the shepherds and teachers all lay under the sod, and one of them prayed very tenderly for Africa. Then I told them about Micronesia, with something of the history of Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, their hardships on the Gilbert Islands, his failing health and the wonderful work he has accomplished in translating the Bible into their language. Then, as it was late, I told them to take the islands home and pray over them, and they went out saying: "No, we won't forget to pray for the islands to-night."

My dear sisters, you who have no sympathy or interest in this work, can you imagine their utter amazement had one of your number stepped into the circle that afternoon and said: "Yes, I am a Christian, but I am not interested in foreign missions. I don't believe in sending money to the heathen as long as there is anything left to be done at home. This reading about the heathen, and begging money to send them the gospel, and praying for them, is all foolishness." Oh, the marvel of it, that we are so slow to comprehend the meaning of that last great command!

HAWAIIAN NOTES.

The volcano of Kilauea is in a state of unusual activity, with a single surging fire-lake 1,300 feet in diameter.

Mr. H. W. Peck has accepted the unanimous invitation of the Y. M. C. A. in Honolulu to remain with them another year as General Secretary.

A circular letter, sent out by the Hawaiian Board, December 15, 1891, asking help for its needy work, has resulted in contributions from residents of the islands amounting to about \$3,500. Two gentlemen gave each one thousand dollars.

The "Australian" Ballot was used for the first time in the late biennial election on the Hawaiian Islands, and gave general satisfaction. In this election the Wilcox-Bush party suffered an overwhelming defeat. The new legislature contains a fair number of able and experienced men, from whom good may be expected.

"Times are hard"—very hard—in Honolulu. The shrinkage in the sugar business has thrown out of employment large numbers of white mechanics. The erection of houses and cottages in the city, which has been unusually active during 1891, has almost ceased. Many workingmen are falling into destitution. Many have left for California and Australia. Our citizens, themselves, much strained, have numerous calls made upon them for charitable relief. Some time must elapse before the Island community has adjusted itself to the changed order of business affairs.

—The Friend.

Michael Dunn, the reformed convict, who has just died, after a long career of crime, and spending thirty-five years of his life in prison, determined to amend, and in 1878 opened a mission in Water street, New York. Thenceforth he conducted himself in a most exemplary manner, and was very successful in reforming men of the class to which he had belonged

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Security.

BY REV. C. H. COVELL.

"In the hollow of His hand"
He hath kept me from my foes;
Brought me quiet peace of mind
When the billows round me rose.

"In the hollow of His hand"
Darkest nights have been like day;
Sweet communion I have found
In His presence when I pray.

"In the hollow of His hand"
We find strength for every hour;
Love supreme, that has no bound,
Limitless, and vast in power.

"In the hollow of His hand"
I can have no anxious fear;
Jesus has unlocked the tomb;
Angels said, "He is not here."

"In the hollow of His hand,"
When the last good-bye is said,
I shall rise and see the Lamb
Through the Power that raised the dead.

The poem which I send for your columns, if thought worthy, was suggested by the line found at the beginning of each verse—language that was always used by a colored man, once a slave, in prayer or exhortation. This was the language: "De Laud keep him safe in de hollow ob his han." I knew him well; he had the respect and confidence of all who knew him. His name was John Bailey. He lived many years in New Bedford, Mass., and died there, a few years ago. When dying, quite a number of friends had gathered in his sick room and about his bed; they tried, in a number of ways, to draw signs of recognition from him, but failed in every effort, until one of the number thought of his old-time saying, "De Laud keep him safe in de hollow ob his han," and he bent down and spoke with a clear voice in the ear of the dying man, saying, "Uncle John, do you feel safe in the hollow of his hand?" and that man, speechless and sightless, raised his right hand, and placed the index finger in the hollow of his left; and in that position he crossed to the shore celestial. Hallelujah! C. H. C.

A FALSE OPTIMISM.

BY REV. M. WILLETT.

There is a kind of optimism that is nothing in reality but a "looped and windowed ruggedness," but it stalks about as though clothed in purple and fine linen. It esteems itself a mighty power in the land, but is really as worthless as a last year's bird's nest. I refer to that creed of the idler, the vicious, and the Pharisee—that however negligent of God and duty the soul may be, it can never be an unprogressive world, or, by any means, a hopeless one, if only we are comfortable. It need not be asserted that this little article is no defense of pessimism. We are not even called upon to either define or assert our confidence in a true optimism. Let us characterize a few of the classes who are only enclosed in their own fat.

We may begin by mentioning that kind of church member who, though doing nothing of any realizable import himself, is very favorably impressed with the progress and general condition of the communion to which he belongs.

The story is told of a certain deacon that he generally dozed through his own pastor's sermons, but when some other preacher was in the pulpit, though no better or stronger speaker, he was then uniformly alert and intent upon the sermon. When asked the reason for this very pronounced difference, his reply was that when his own pastor was in the pulpit he knew that everything was going on smoothly and correctly, but when a stranger was there some heterodoxy or other might be inculcated, or some other sort of failure result. This dozing persuasion that other people are doing well, and carrying on the work of the church very satisfactorily, may never be regarded as an optimism of any conceivable worth. Such a person is only enclosed in his own fat.

And, sometimes, a whole church will get cushioned into just this sleepy comfort. They are paying their minister's salary with quite commendable regularity, and their services move on like the succession of day and night. The heavens above their heads seem pink and white, wax flowers bespangle the garden of the Lord, and a ready-made millennium is waiting to clothe the world in a cheap and easy triumph. But what of present spiritual and moral result?

Savonarola once said: "In the catacombs the candlesticks were of wood, but the priests were of gold. Now, the candlesticks are of gold, and the priests are of wood." It never will do to have our gold all in the music, the sermon, the architecture, the promise, the rhetorical portrayal. Better a little wooden here, if it needs be, if so be that gold can shine out in converted hearts and real leavening, genuine, spiritual power. When the gold of the church is in anything less precious than changed lives, then its optimism is all wooden.

There was one iniquity of which Isaiah, speaking in the name of the Lord, could say, "Surely, it shall not be purged from you till ye die." This was when the Lord of hosts called to weeping and to mourning, and to baldness and to girding with sackcloth, and behold joy and gladness, slaying oxen and killing sheep, eating flesh and drinking wine. Let

us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die! If jeremiads are sometimes out of order, a riotous cheerfulness may not be less so.

We may discern this very disparity also in our religious patriotism. A certain knight once made the frank confession that when overthrown he was exalted, or thrown higher, because that once he was up so high in pride that he was really half-way down the slope to hell. Unless all the moralists are befuddled, we may all travel the down-grade at a very comfortable jog-trot. Our rosy convictions about our country's progress may mean nothing more or less than this: "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." The cancer of intemperance or licentiousness may not be eating into the prosperity of "me or mine"; ergo, cancers are not so very dangerous, after all, and quite curable by easy-going processes. Bribery in elections and unfaithfulness and malfeasance in office do not perceptibly affect my fortunes; ergo, the pillars of the State are standing firm. Just this pride of slothful optimism has been half-way down the slope to hell before now, and not known it. When men have been saying, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction has come upon them, as travail upon a woman with child. While the flesh is between their teeth, ere it is chewed, the anger of the Lord is kindled against them, and the people are smitten with a very great plague. Both France and the United States were, in their own estimation, seated to quail on toast, when the one was smitten by the French Revolution, and the other by the war of the Rebellion. A patriotic optimism that will not see all the facts, and that when it does see is too indolent to gird itself for warfare, is only another illustration of "encased in their own fat."

And this truth ought to have its local coloring. Hegel said that philosophy must be so faithful to colorlessness that it must not only be grey itself, but render all colors alike in grey. We must not only paint to ourselves the general life of the nation in tones of truth, but we must put the life by which we are immediately surrounded into the same colorless statement. We may be all too comfortable about our local conditions. We may be living on a half loaf and picking our teeth as though we had eaten a whole one. We may not be half so fat as we think we are. The fat may not be on our bones, but in our minds, and that kind of fat does not weigh on the scales of truth. In many, if not most of our towns, we are only half living. We breathe a London fog, and in our comfortable optimism we call it pure ozone and California climate. It is said that when the 2,500 miles of sewer in London breathes out its gas into a fog that lasts for ten days, the result is 2,500 deaths beyond the normal, or one death for every mile of sewer. A sanitary expert who should pronounce this condition of things ideal would be encased in his own fat quite up to the standard of a dime museum in search of physical freaks; and a citizen of a little city of 6,000 people who can accommodate himself to fifty saloons, with all their accompaniments of gambling and impurity, and still talk of the town in terms that might challenge millennial conditions, can only be regarded as a moral freak of the type of Daniel Lambert, and I believe that Daniel tipped the beam at 850 pounds.

A false optimism, however, may not be limited to social or national conditions. It may be just as characteristic of the individual life as of the collective. A man may think very well of himself morally and spiritually simply because he is comfortable. His very resolves to reform in the future may prove but the signs of a spendthrift, and only help to ease his way down the slope. We have all heard of the ingenious bucolic who started with a pocketful of silver on a journey to buy a calf, but when he had settled the terms found that most of his money had escaped through a hole in his pocket. We can understand, perhaps, an optimism that is founded on ignorance; but what of an optimism that exists in the face of a full knowledge? What if this country lad had known that his money was escaping, but either liked to hear the jingle of the escaping coin, or know the pride of a wealth so large that it could waste by the way without feeling it, or else found it fascinating to dare all experiences in favor of a present comfort; then, in the expectation of purchasing a calf, when the money for the buying was escaping every minute, we might have seen the image of the transgressor, who hopes against hope, in the comfort of a present ease, that he is going to enter into the sanctity and rest promised only to penitence, and faith, and works, while resolution after resolution is vanishing into thin air, without performance, and poverty of time and resources is coming in daily like an armed man.

It is an evil hour when the Church dilutes the truth to make it pleasant, or dresses it in strange garb to make it enticing. St. Paul sometimes gave meat, and sometimes milk, but food always. For confectionery he had no relish and no use.—Dr. Alexander McKenzie.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer Meeting Topic For Week Beginning March 27, 1892.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject.—Preparing the way of the Lord. (Luke iii: 1-14.)

It is a pleasant thing to feel that we are called upon to aid in preparing the way of the Lord. It is also pleasant to learn that the number of those engaged in preparing the way of the Lord is steadily on the increase. It is said of Crefeld, Prussia—that great town where nothing except silk is manufactured—that more cotton than silk is used in the work. The thoughtful reader knows that, though believers of every name are forerunners of the King, and are the ones to whom is committed the trust of preparatory work, nevertheless, much that is selfish and cheap enters into the work. And yet the work goes on. Missions are criticised, churches are blamed, Christians are found fault with, creeds are revised, new methods demanded, and put into operation, but the Ruler of the universe, who is never weary, overrules all to the manifest preparation of the way of the Lord. Since men are fallible and sinful, selfishness and sin will enter more or less into the work of redeeming the world.

"But right is right since God is God,
And right the day must win,
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."
(Isa. xl: 3-5; Matt. iii: 3; Mark i: 3; John i: 23.)

We prepare the way of the Lord into our own heart. Meditation, prayer, benevolence, unselfish kindness are effective means in this work. A man may be constitutionally dull, but meditation will brighten his horizon. He may be sinfully weak, but he can receive power from on high. If prone to leave the God he loves let him fervently pray. If ungenerous and self-seeking, then let us by self-discipline learn to do justly, love mercy, walk humbly with God, for in doing these things the individual life is blessed, and every avenue to the soul is made a gateway for the King. Oh, worrying soul, why cast down? The Lord Jesus is ready to enter and sup with thee, and supply every need. Darkened soul, why sit in gloom and terror? The Light shines for thee. Dweller in the dungeon of sorrow, captive in the stronghold of sin, rise, the way is open; let the King of glory in!

"Enlightened by His heavenly ray
Our shades and darkness turn to-day."
(Mal. iii: 1; Ps. xlv: 1; Isa. lii: 9.)
The Christian who has nothing to do, and no sense of preparing the way of the Lord, is in greatest danger of yielding to temptation and bowing down to doubt. Heresies in the Christian church never come from missionaries, home or foreign. The faithful pastor and the earnest evangelist are never known to inaugurate a disturbing theory. The active, consecrated Sunday-school teacher rarely sinks into temptation and disgrace. All these convulsions and shames come from Christians at ease who take little or no part in preparing the way of the Lord. Let men determine to find out the Lord's will and then do it, and their hands and hearts will be at work making a highway for our God. (Ps. xxiv: 6, 7; Micah. vi: 8; Rom. ii: 13; James ii: 14.)

There are many obstacles in the way of the Lord. He desires the heathen for his inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. We are to prepare the way for him to the isles of the sea, and to every place where man is found. When Alexander the Great marched through Persia, his way was stopped with ice and snow; his soldiers were tired; strong men were weary; veterans were discouraged; but Alexander, with a pick-axe upon his shoulder, went before them. The soldiers and captains followed. John the Baptist, in humble attire and lowliest position, prepared the way for the Lamb of God. The Saviour and Prince of Life lived and died to further prepare the way for the ultimate triumph. Why should we excuse ourselves? Some will confess in the last great day—

"I lived for myself, I thought for myself,
For myself, and none beside—
Just as if Jesus had never lived,
As if he had never died."
(Ps. xv: 1, 2; Amos. v: 14; John xiii: 17; Heb. vi: 10; Rev. xxii: 14.)

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

I had ordered some wood of a countryman who had the appearance of honesty in his face. In fact, I trusted so implicitly to his honesty that I did not take the precaution to inspect it when he brought it. Alas! that woodman was a deception; the wood was green fir, and I have the lamentable prospect before me of burning it up. I am a very poor hand at kindling a fire, and I have no servant, so I must do it myself. But what made the woodman cheat? Why do we have short milk measure, or half water, short rolls of butter, short cords of wood, all sorts of cheating tricks, until one wearies of a world where no one can be trusted? I read this by Carlyle the other day, and it struck me that he had prophesied a state of affairs that was actually being fulfilled before our eyes.

Listen: As to the competitive system, he denounced it as "devil take the hindmost—pure egoism—the shabbiest gospel that had been taught among men. He declared that no society, in the long run, could flourish, or even permanently cohere, if the only relation between man and man was a mere money till. No greater calamity could befall a nation than a weakening of a righteous hatred of evil."

Is not this just what is coming to our nation? Look at the men, some of them church members, who make their money fraudulently in one way or another, saying that "business is business," and Christian principle is all right for church days and prayer-meeting, but impracticable in business hours. Who grind widows and orphans, who make corners in oil, and wheat, and coal, and "regard not the poor"? Does not this state of affairs come about, as Carlyle says, through the fierce competition? I am convinced from some reading I have been taking up, in order to find out what the masses of the people read, that a righteous hatred of sin is fast being lost; that the Church is partly responsible for this; for, if it lived up to its professions, the world could not get so far astray. One Christian, who professes to take the unselfish standard of Jesus Christ, and really takes the selfish, worldly standard, and practices worldly methods, makes ten infidels, and injures the gospel more than the fiercest persecution ever did. I see so much that is opposed to the Bible and Christianity written, read and believed by multitudes, stones and even scorpions devoured by the people in place of bread, the Bible scouted, and a bold, cruel skepticism substituted in place of faith in God! So many young men are being led astray by this literature; yet, how can they be blamed when the Christian people whom they take for models take up the worldly standard in place of the Christian one? A terrible contest is brewing around our Bible and our faith. The churches do not half realize it, so absorbed are they in getting the good things of this world; the money god has blinded their eyes.

I have also been reading "Alton Locke," that book written by Chas. Kingsley forty years ago in the cause of the workingman, and what a book it is! If any one thinks the system of competition all right, let him read this book and ponder! Though written so long ago, it fits the case here in our own country, for, though nothing so terrible as the sweaters' den exists yet here, competition unrestricted has full sway, and, unless checked, this must be the end of it. Co-operation between employer and employed—profit-sharing—has been tried, and successfully, in England. All that stands in the way of success here is the greed of the employers, who unite to crush any one who starts out on the co-operative scheme. What is the remedy? Let all the Christian capitalists and manufacturers unite together, and say, "We will share the profits with our workmen"; and extend the invitation to all others in the various branches of trade which they represent. Would not such a departure, a literal carrying out of the Golden Rule, be entered into by all? That such a combination is possible is proved by the schemes, selfish mostly, entered into now. First, let the true Christianity, the religion of Jesus Christ, possess these men, so that, for the sake of others' rights, they are willing to share their profits with those who have helped earn them, and would not the world be won, as it never has been, to the Christian cause?—this evil spirit of greed be overcome, and our country progress as never before? The reign of righteousness would speedily come; for, let our country set the example, and other countries would follow. It would do more for the cause of missions than millions of money, for then no one could doubt but that Christians worshipped Christ, and not gold.

He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, tempers also the temptation to the weak soul. He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are but dust. In that hero multitude who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, think not that there are only the dauntless and the powerful, the great in heart, and the strong in faith; no, there are many of the weak and the timid, many of the obscure and ignorant, many of the shrinking and suffering there. We saw not, till they were unfolded for the flight of death, their angel wings. Yes! Jacob, once a mean trickster, and Aaron, once a weak apostate, is there; and Rahab, the harlot, and David, the adulterer, and Mary, the weeping Magdalene, and Matthew, the converted publican, and Dysmas, the repentant thief; many as frail, many as fallen, many as sinful as the weakest and the worst of you; but there are no stains on their white robes now; their is no weakness or meanness in their regenerated spirits now, and the solemn agony has faded from their brows.—F. W. Farrar, D. D.

Joaquin Miller, the "poet of the Sierras," is said to be so much cast down by the conviction and sentencing of his son to prison that he has renounced authorship, and adopted a solitary life in the wilderness.

"Not As I Will."

Blindfolded and alone I stand,
With unknown thresholds on each hand;
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go:
That doors are open, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law, unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I stand;
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak, and grief is strong;
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will"—the sound grows sweet.
Each time my lips the words repeat;
"Not as I will"—the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals.
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will"—because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all his love fulfill,
"Not as we will."

—Ruth Johnston.

THE QUESTION OF THE AGE.

BY DR. E. P. THWING.

Is the Bible inspired? The skeptic answers yes or no, according to his meaning of inspiration. If he means that the Scriptures are authentic and trustworthy in statement, or genuine—that is, written by a class of men to whom they are ascribed or inspired, as all men of culture are at times inspired, all painters, poets, sculptors, and musicians are inspired—he will admit that the Bible is inspired. But if you say that inspiration, when applied to the Word of God, means that inspiration divine and supernatural influence exerted on the minds of the writers which qualified them to communicate religious truth in the best manner and without any mixture of religious error; if you thus distinguish the Bible from all other books as a unique production, the only perfect and authoritative guide in faith and practice—he will deny your claim. The great aim of God was gained, the commitment to writing of precisely what he intended for the religious instruction of men.

We waive all other questions, and simply affirm this book to be an unerring revelation from heaven written by men moved by the Holy Ghost. The influence was not common; but extraordinary and supernatural. Sometimes an oral message was given; again, a vision; a dream, or a preternatural illumination of mind and memory sufficed. What they knew not was revealed, and what they had once known and had forgotten was brought to mind. In all these processes they were guarded from error. They were not mechanical instruments, as a flute. Sometimes, indeed, they took down verbally the words given without knowing the meaning of the revelation, but doubtless this was not the ordinary method. The individuality of each is apparent. Isaiah writes better Hebrew than Amos, and Luke better Greek than Paul. They quote from each other. They use language with naturalness and freedom. "It was about the sixth hour." "Twenty-five or thirty furlongs." "Levi paid tithes," if I may be allowed the expression, "in Abraham." They were intelligent factors in the work, while the divine inbreathing made it a supernatural production. Dr. Stowe has said, "As the holy Jesus was really and naturally formed in the Virgin's womb and the product of her organization set in action, not by human power but by divine, so there is, so to speak, a divine impregnation of the human mind by which it is enabled to bring forth a divine progeny." Thus the Helvetic Confession of 1566 is right in saying, "*Celestes Voces* (voices from heaven); *oraculum Sancti Spiritus* (the response of the Holy Spirit)."

The subject is copious; our limits arrest the discussion. No question in this age of philosophic inquiry and learned skepticism is more vital. Infidelity insinuates itself in a very dangerous yet specious manner. Starr King says: "It was very rarely that Jesus uttered any spiritual truth in cool and abstract phraseology, in sentences that are literally true. He loved indefinite language and vast expressions." Thus the trinity, atonement and future retribution are explained away. Even so eminent a scholar as Dr. Davidson has made a fatal concession to error when he says the psalms are the theology of feeling, and dogma cannot be established on them, for they belong to the shadowy realm of imagination. This is in face of the Lord's own assertion that the testimony of the Old Testament, "all things written in the law of Moses and the prophets and the Psalms" concerning him, should be fulfilled.

The present is no time to hold lax views on this all-important doctrine of the complete inspiration of the Word of God. When one is unsettled here, there is no telling into what vagaries of belief he may drift.

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A Contrast.

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children when the day was done,
About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird
On mount or plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow-man,
And hoped the best;
The other marvelled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.

One, having heaven above and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

—Boston Transcript.

THE STORY OF A SLAVE GIRL.

In the exciting days of 1855-56, Washington city was strangely moved. Anti-slavery sentiment was rapidly spreading; the long and fierce struggle for the election of a Speaker of the house culminating in the election of Banks, a republican, over which the slaveocrats gnashed their teeth, and which shook the whole country as by an earthquake. The end was coming. In Washington city were a large number of slaves. House servants and laboring men were mostly of this class. Slave-dealers frequently visited the city, picking up here and there bargains when the owners were necessitated to sell, and moving them off South for a market. Against these slave-traders there were, in combination, friends of the slave, who closely watched their movements and reported each attempt at purchase. Often appeals were made to us in the house for aid for the purchase of the freedom of some one who had made such an arrangement with the owner, and we often put in \$5 or so.

One day in the summer of 1856 a rumor spread through the anti-slavery portion of the house that a slave-trader was in the city and was in negotiation for the purchase of a female slave, a native of the city, who was reported to be a favorite among the slave fraternity. A messenger had come to the capitol with the news, who stated that the owner must sell the woman unless she could raise a certain sum for her redemption, and that she was almost crazed with the excitement. "Could we not do something for her?" Well, we would contribute, but who would do the work? "If you wish anything done, go yourself and do it; if you are indifferent about it, send some one." I got from the messenger the address of the family in which the slave was a domestic, and after the adjournment of the house I went home, took my dinner hastily at five o'clock, harnessed my horse, and drove to the address given. In response to the bell, a good-looking white woman came to the door.

"Does Mrs. — reside here?" I asked.

"I am Mrs. —."

"Have you a slave woman in your employ by the name of Eliza Brown?" Her whole deportment underwent an instantaneous change. She eyed me very closely, as I presume, she took me for a slave-dealer, and with seeming reluctance answered:

"Yes, there is such a woman here."

"Can I see her?"

"Yes, come in."

She led me into the reception room, and very coolly said, "Sit down"—whether on the floor or a chair she did not condescend to say.

I saw the woman's heart, and at once hastened to relieve her.

"Madame, I am not a slave-trader," I said; "my object is to try and do something for the relief of this woman."

Her coldness and indifference vanished at once, her eyes grew moist, as she said: "I am so glad!"

I then questioned her as to the character of the woman, and she said: "She is honest, faithful, trustworthy, and a Christian. She is suffering fearfully now, as a slave-dealer has been here to see her, and she fears that her old master, who is very poor, will sell her. But I will call her."

She left the room, but was gone so long that I presumed she explained to the slave that I was not one of the devil's emissaries, but a friend. The colored woman came into the room with a low courtesy, and with a sad smile upon her face, but her eyes "were red with weeping." In answer to my questions, she informed me that she was twenty-seven years of age, and had been raised by her present owner; that she was the last slave he owned; that he was old and poor; that he wanted to give her her freedom, but her wages were about all he had for support; that he would give her free papers for \$350, but she could not raise such a sum; and added that a dealer had been to see her, and she was afraid she would be sold and taken to New Orleans. Here she broke down completely. The lady also wept, while my own eyes were dim.

Closing now my interview with the slave, I at once drove to the house of her master, whose address I procured from the girl. It was in the outer suburbs of the city, a small, unpaint-

ed cottage. A knock on the door brought to view a small-sized, gray-headed old man, feeble, and stooping under a weight of years. I was invited in, and to a seat. Poverty and negligence marked all within, and he, the occupant, seemed to be living alone.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my question, "I have such a woman."

"Is she for sale?" I inquired.

He hesitated a moment, then said, "I should like to give her her freedom, but she is all I have left. I cannot afford it, but I tell her if she can raise \$350 I will give her free papers."

"Poor old man!" I said to myself; "after a service, unpaid, for twenty years, you cannot afford to say, 'Go free!'"

"Well," I said, "will you give me your word and honor that whatever you may be offered for her, you will not sell her to anyone between now and to-morrow about this hour, and in the meantime I have your promise of her freedom for the sum of \$350?" He brightened up, extended his withered hand, grasped mine, and said, "I promise that."

Home again now; it was getting dark. The day after, I was in my seat in the house at 12 noon. I wrote a brief subscription paper, and started through the house, and then into the senate chamber, and before I seated myself again had nearly the desired amount in hand. A number of slaveholders gave me a \$5 subscription, though they believed her better off in her present condition. One of them, looking up at me, said, "Why, Trafton, you're a fool! This woman is better off where she is, and she's worth fifteen hundred dollars. Come, I'll give you a thousand for her. Give me a bill of sale."

"I am not in the business," I said; besides, if you think the condition so desirable, her place will be vacant to-morrow, and you can have it."

He gave me the five dollars.

After breakfast the next morning, I drove to the old man's cottage and told him the money was ready for the girl's freedom. He seemed pleased and said, "Well, I will give you a bill of sale, and I will emancipate her."

"No, sir," I replied. "Not for all the gold coined in the world would I take a bill of sale of a human being. Suppose I should drop dead on leaving you, and in my pocket should be found such a paper. A fine figure I should cut in the eyes of the community! No, sir, put on your coat, get into my carriage, and go to the notary and have her emancipation papers prepared in due form and put on record, and the money shall be paid."

This was done. And the following is an exact copy of the receipt he gave me:

"WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 7, 1856.
"Rec'd this 7th day of August, 1856, of Mark Trafton of the State of Massachusetts three hundred and fifty dollars in full for the purchase of the freedom of my negro woman named Eliza Brown, aged about 25 years, who has been by me this day manumitted by deed for that purpose."

"LEMUEL SHAW."

I then drove him home, and afterward to the house where was the now free woman, Eliza Brown. The lady received me with a smile, asking, "Is she saved?"

"Call her in, please," was the reply.

She came in, trembling with anxiety. I drew the document from my pocket, and handing it to her, said, "Eliza Brown, you are a free woman!"

I cannot describe that scene; the reader must imagine it. That expression that burst from her trembling lips, "O my God! Can it be true?" the tears coursing down her cheeks, and the tears of her employer, will live in my memory to my last hour.

But let the reader for a moment fancy the scene: A woman differing from the mistress of the mansion in which she is a servant only in her complexion—she is "black but comely"—and yet she can hardly claim womanhood, for by the laws of this Christian country she is only a thing, a chattel, a piece of property owned by a citizen of the United States, liable to sale and transfer like that donkey drawing its load up the street yonder. Such is this person we are dealing with. Yet she thinks, she reasons, she recalls the past, and anticipates the future; she hopes and fears, has joys and sorrows as real as her white sisters. And yet she is nothing among the people around her but a thing. Look at her on the morning of our call. She is busy about her household duties and her daily unremunerated task. But look, listen! She pauses a moment to wipe the tears dropping from her eyes. Hear her cry, "O Lord, what shall I do?" Well may her poor heart sink in despair, for only yesterday a slave-trader, a ghoul, had called to see her, and she was told that he had seen her owner and was in negotiation for her purchase for the New Orleans market. She was born and reared in Washington; it is her home; and now, before her is plantation life and the driver's whip. Where is God? Where is justice with hot thunderbolts? Wait a little, O sufferers! The thunder of Sumter will soon break his long silence!

Thus she was when we were ushered in on that morning. She is sum-

moned; her heart sinks as she anticipates the call of the slave-trader, and with faltering steps and eyes red and swollen with weeping she enters the room, and with a start gazes on me. Can one realize the extent and suddenness of that transition? She in a moment passes from a chattel to full womanhood. For the first time she is endowed with personality; she can say, "Ego sum"; she can use words until that moment strange to her lips—me, my mine. A human, responsible being is created. She can say, "Volo," and carry it out in free action. What a change! Does the reader wonder that we all—servant, mistress and messenger—shed tears of joy and sympathy?

In the fall she came to work in my family, as our help had left. As the new year approached, she asked my wife's permission to have a freedom party, which, of course, was readily granted. We had a large basement kitchen, with an equally ample room adjoining. When the evening arrived, both rooms were filled; a part of the company were free people, the rest slaves. In the midst of the jollity, Eliza came up and requested myself and wife to come down and be introduced to the distinguished visitors. So we marched down, and the happy mistress of ceremonies in a short speech presented us, amid great clapping of hands. Some few days after, Eliza told my wife, with beaming countenance, that eight of the slaves present that night had left for the North, under the guidance of the police after that announcement, but none came.

When we left Washington in March, my wife labored hard to induce Eliza to come North with us, but she was attached to her home, and she said: "Ise fraid I'd freeze up da in de Norf." But my daughter had letters from her, and the last one announced her marriage with a preacher.

I do not know that I was of any use in congress, but to me this one deed solved the problem of my election to that body.—Mark Trafton, D.D., in Zion's Herald.

WORD-ROOTS.

A great deal of pleasure may be found in looking up the origin of words in common use, and tracing them back, whenever possible, to their very beginning. Sometimes the transitions through which words have passed render this a difficult task; with others, the original meaning has been adhered to, and the word is readily traced for hundreds of years. Often it will be found that at some time in its life a word has begun to take on a new meaning, though still retaining the old one; so that, afterwards, we have two words of decidedly variant meaning, and perhaps slightly different in spelling, but from a common source.

Take the word "post." Within a minute we can think of several meanings. But let us trace them back to the beginnings. Originally, it meant something posted, or firmly placed in the ground—as a vertical piece of wood or stone; and we retain this meaning in common words like lamp-post, fence-post, etc. From meaning the stone or wood used to mark a spot, it came to be applied to the place where the post stood as a military post, a post of honor, etc. This gave rise to the ancient habit of keeping relays of horses for the use of royal messengers, at certain fixed stations, and these were termed post. From this it was an easy transition to the use of the word to designate the modern method of distributing mail, and thus we have the various compounds of postmaster, postman, postage, postoffice, etc.

Take the word "foot." Originally it meant only the foot of a man or animal. But men naturally used the foot as a rude measure of length; and so the term foot, meaning twelve inches, was evolved. Then, again, as the foot was at the base of the human body, the name foot was applied by analogy to the base of a hill, or feet of a table. Then it came to denote foot-soldiers, who fight standing on their feet, and, by metaphor, is used to designate the basis or footing upon which we maintain an argument.

Almost any common word will repay study of this kind, and interesting discussions may arise, to be settled by reference to dictionaries and encyclopedias.—Western Farmer.

How to MAKE MONEY.—A man who is wise, careful, and conservative, energetic, persevering, and tireless, need have no fear of his future. But there is one other thing. We must have a steady head, one that can weather the rough sea of reverse from which no life is altogether free, and one that will not become too big when success attends his efforts. Keep out of the way of speculators. Take your money, whether it be much or little, to one whose reputation will insure you good counsel. Invest your money where the principal is safe, and you will get along. But don't forget the acorns. It is from little acorns that great oaks grow. See that you begin right early in life. Save your money with regularity. By so doing, you will make money.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Household.

BRAISED BEEF.—The beef was prepared for braising before luncheon, and directly after that meal it was put in to cook. There were three pounds of beef, cut from the round. Into this were rubbed one tablespoonful of salt and one-fourth a teaspoonful of pepper. The meat was then placed in a deep granite ware pan, and over it was strained a sauce made as follows: Two ounces of fat salt pork were fried slowly until all the liquid fat was extracted. In this fat were put one tablespoonful of minced carrot, three tablespoonfuls of minced onion, two whole cloves and a sprig of parsley. These ingredients cooked slowly for ten minutes; then there were stirred in two tablespoonfuls of flour. This mixture was cooked until the flour was browned, being stirred all the while. Next there were added a quart of water, a teaspoonful of salt and one quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. This sauce boiled for five minutes, and was then strained on the meat. The pan was covered and placed in a very moderate oven, where the meat cooked for five hours, being basted with the sauce every half-hour. It was then served on a warm platter with the sauce poured over it. The success of this dish depends upon the slow cooking. If the rule be closely followed and the oven be never so hot as to cause the sauce to bubble, the meat will be tender and moist, no matter how tough a piece one may use; but if, on the contrary, the oven be very hot at any time, causing the sauce to boil, the piece of meat will be tough and stringy.—Maria Parloa in Good Housekeeping.

STEWED POTATO.—Enough raw potatoes to make a quart when cut into rather large cubes, were pared, cut up, and put in cold water until the time to cook them. Two ounces of fat salt pork were fried slowly. To the fat was added one tablespoonful of flour, which was stirred until frothy; then one pint of water was gradually added, and the mixture was cooked for ten minutes. The sauce was seasoned with one teaspoonful of salt, and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. The potato cubes were drained and put in stew-pan, and the sauce was strained over them. The stew pan was covered and placed where the sauce would just bubble. The potato cubes were cooked for forty-five minutes, and then turned into a warm covered dish and served. Potatoes, cabbage, and turnips can be cooked by the methods given, when there is no meat to serve for the dinner, as they are very savory, and, with good bread, will make a substantial meal. If one object to pork, beef fat or butter can be substituted.—Good Housekeeping.

SOME THINGS TO TRY.

Try cranberries for malaria.

Try a sun-bath for rheumatism.

Try clam-broth for a weak stomach.

Try a wet towel at the back of the neck when sleepless.

Try swallowing saliva when troubled with a sour stomach.

Try buttermilk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains.

Try to cultivate an equable temper, and don't borrow trouble ahead.

Try a hot, dry flannel over the seat of neuralgia pain and renew it frequently.—Good Housekeeping.

EGG PLANT.—As wholesome as this vegetable is, there are many housewives who never provide it for their tables, yet nothing is nicer for breakfast, and prepared in the following manner, few will refuse it. Cut both ends from a medium-sized egg plant, slice about an inch thick, parboil in salt water; five minutes steady boiling is sufficient. Remove the slices with a strainer, season with celery salt and pepper, dredge thoroughly with flour, and fry brown. Catsup or Worcester sauce should be eaten with it.—Good Housekeeping.

WELL MEANT.—All languages seem to have a way of adapting themselves to error. Given an impulsive mind, and a too hasty tongue, and speech becomes precisely the reverse of thought. An English workman once applied to a country clergyman for a letter of introduction to a duke, of whom he wished to seek aid. "But why don't you go in person and see my lord?" asked the clergymen. "Well, you see," was the nervous answer, "I don't like to speak to Lord —."

"He may be too proud to listen to the likes of me. I can talk to you well enough, sir, for there's nothing of the gentleman about you!"—Boston Traveler.

If ever in the world's history we needed true men and women, we need them now. Worldliness is coming in to our most holy places like a flood. Loyalty to our Church is not enough; fidelity to God alone can meet the perils of our times. We will not be burned for our devotion to right; but dauntless adherence to the right we need, as did those whom Nero put to death. We need Paul's spirit: "With me it is a small thing to be judged of man's judgment. * * *

He that judgeth me is the Lord."

God's true name will not rob him.

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FIRST CHURCH.—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P.M.; Chinese school, 6 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH.—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A.M. and 12:30 P.M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.

THIRD CHURCH.—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.

FOURTH CHURCH.—South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wilcox, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.

BETHANY CHURCH.—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P.M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.

OLIVET CHURCH.—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P.M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P.M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P.M.

SWEDISH CHURCH.—338 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A.M. and 7:30 P.M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A.M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P.M.

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Wednesday, March 16, 1892.

The New Jersey Association appointed a committee to confer with other associations of our churches with reference to the desirability of changing the organization of the American Board, so that it shall be more formally, and so more vitally, if possible, in touch with the Congregational churches. The New Jersey brethren express the opinion that the present greater union of feeling, as to the policy of the Board on the theological points lately in discussion, affords a good opportunity to settle the organization question on its merits. We shall be glad to think so. Theoretically, there can be little doubt that the churches, as churches, should be associated together to carry on the missionary work at home and abroad. Every step that can be taken to accomplish this more perfectly, should be taken. The Board itself has taken some steps already, and many years ago. But there was not clear sight nor unity of judgment as to whether the steps proposed would be decided gain to the cause. We presume that the same difficulty exists now. But, very likely, there is a stronger current of sentiment now in the body of our membership favorable to some reconstruction than there was. We feel quite sure that whatever the real friends of missions want in this matter, the corporate members of the Board will be more than willing to bring about, so far as is in their power. Great trusts have grown upon their hands. Changes that are made have to be made cautiously and safely. While we personally think that it is fitting that the churches, as such, should have it in their power to name the membership of the Board, as vacancies occur; we have no great ground to suppose that its membership would be greatly different, under such arrangement. But, possibly, the membership, if the same substantially, would seem to belong to the churches in a sense which cannot be true of a body that perpetuates itself. At any rate, an adjustment of the problem on its merits will be a great good.

Following the example of the Salvation Army, our Congregational brethren of England have been observing "a week of self-denial." They would show by this single week, during which each member of the churches should actually deny himself some luxury, comfort, or indulgence, how possible it is to add immensely to the treasures of benevolence. But suppose what will be done in one week were to enter as a principle into the churches? Or suppose, instead of forty days of even such Lent as the ecclesiastical authorities exact, there were to be, year in and year out, a moderation in eating and drinking, which is simply sensible, wholesome—what a world of resources would be poured out for the solving of problems of charity and the relief of empty treasuries of good will! Dr. John Clifford has quoted from Augustine's Confessions this line, "Full feeding creepeth upon thy servant, O Lord." But in the quoter's opinion, it not merely creeps upon the average man of today, but it has taken possession of him. So, Californians regard it as almost a virtue that they have square meals. Housewife vies with housewife in the richness of entertainment. Clubs are organized greatly on purpose to have pre-eminent cooking. Those who frequent hotels and restaurants often gormandize. Even we, who claim to be temperate, begrudge less the larger coins we spend daily on food and drink than we do those which are solicited from us now and then for missions and other activities of the kingdom we profess to love. Whether it be by specified weeks of self-denial, or by days of Lent, let us learn to diminish the waste upon our own selves of the treasures committed to our trust.

Some notice should have been made, and sooner, in these columns, of Rev. Dr. Walsworth, who died in Livonia, N. Y., last month, February 3d. For twenty years, from 1852 to 1872, he was prominent in all matters affecting the churches which were planted by the American Home Missionary Society, by which he was himself sent to this State. He was a man of fine address, cordial manners, and a thoughtful preacher. Besides his two pastorates in this State at Marysville and Oakland, he founded, and for six years maintained, the Pacific Female College. He had great hopes for it, and for a time it seemed as if it might become the ideal institution he had intended. But pecuniary disappointments finally compelled its sale, and it passed, in 1871, into the possession of the trustees of the Pacific Theological Seminary. Dr. Walsworth was for a time Chancellor of the Le Roy University in New York. In his two pastorates at the East—at Albion, N. Y., ten years, and Livonia five years—he has been highly esteemed. During one year, at least, while here, he was on the Editorial Committee of THE PACIFIC, just before this paper ceased to be the representative of the Congregational and New School Presbyterian churches. He was born in 1819, in Cleveland, O.

Hartford Seminary seems to be a point of amicable exchange between our own and Reformed and Presbyterian ministers. But it is quite a matter of surprise to find our former co-editor, Professor E. C. Bissell, transferred to McCormick Presbyterian Seminary at Chicago. One would suppose his roots were planted too long and too deep in the soil from which he sprang. Born and educated in New England—except for his theological training at New York—pastor in at least two Massachusetts churches, pastor at Green-street, in this city, and in Fort-street, Honolulu, missionary of the American Board, and now the oldest professor in service at Hartford, he might have been counted on as one of the typical pillars in our Zion. We recognize his persevering industry, his conservative spirit as a scholar, and wish him usefulness in his new connections.

Those are two interesting points on which the Theosophical Society leaders have fallen apart. One is the disposition on the part of some of them to make a sort of deity of Madame Blavatsky, deceased, and the other, the alleged intolerant attitude encouraged by the leaders themselves toward the Christian faith. Probably, human nature, being the same in the Theosophists as it is in Christians, the personal element in Colonel Olcott and Mr. Judge plays its due part. How many sects there are, and divisions of sects, which are due mainly to the fact that some individual has assumed an importance or a self-consciousness altogether out of proportion to his real value.

It might seem to some that a commemoration of the witchcraft craze which raged in and around Danvers and Salem in 1692 would not be very popular. But the citizens of those two Massachusetts towns do not mean to let historical anniversaries of any sort go by without due recognition. So they have met together and heard the gruesome tale rehearsed, and the proposition was suggested that Witch Square be set apart on Gallows Hill, and a substantial monument be erected to the nineteen victims of that delusion who perished there. Surely, here are sons who believe in their fathers, nevertheless. And they have abundant reason to.

It is not for us to form hasty judgment in the sad events which have cast such a shadow over a large family so exceptionally dear and honored among us as that which bears the Scudder name. Even the suspicion of criminal intent is abhorrent. We can only voice as tenderly as we know how the sympathy of the Christian people here with those who are most nearly affected by this sorrow. They have comforted many hearts in the course of their ministry in India, California, Illinois, Japan. We know that the Supreme Comfort will not fail them.

The many who have listened to Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick will note with sympathy the death of her father, James M. Gordon, who was for eleven years treasurer of the American Board.

FROM NEW YORK.

Anent the Chinese Exclusion act now before Congress, the *Intelligencer* of this city says that the peril is here: "It is likely to be settled by considerations of supposed political expediency, not in the light of justice and Christian principle. Both political parties hope for advantage in pandering to the hostile prejudices of the Pacific States, and it is to be feared that men with the courage to withstand the clamor of demagogues will be too few to prevent the passage of a law which would be a blot upon our statute books. We will hope that the sober sense of intelligent men and Christians, in and out of Congress, may be applied to this serious question and avert legislation which can only work vast injury to the financial and religious interests we have in China, and be a disgrace to a Christian people. We can scarcely imagine it possible that at the close of the nineteenth century the most advanced Christian republic of the earth should assume the role of a hermit nation toward one-fourth of the population of the globe."

That retaliation towards our resident missionaries and merchants in China will some time come if our disgraceful treatment of Chinese continues, no one can doubt. I have lived long enough in China to know something of the temper of the people and the officials. They are very patient and slow, but will surely get even with us. As an old mastiff looks down on an audacious pup, an empire of forty or fifty centuries' growth can afford to look with indulgence—though with contempt—upon the arrogance of a new-born nation like ours in its sudden growth and wealth. Our soberest statesmen and military men, men like Gen. Grant, admit that the astute diplomats and ministers of the Chinese empire are the peers of any men in any age. Sir Frederick Bruce told Charles Sumner that in this comparison he would not except Lord Palmerston. Acute, far-seeing public men of England to-day admit that China is to be the power of the coming century. As she has outlived Assyria and Egypt, Roman power and Hellenic culture, she may live to see the decline and fall of nations now in the pride of their excellency who are forgetting God.

Political action in behalf of temperance has for a long time withdrawn attention from the old-fashioned total-abstinence societies, and to revive them in our churches a conference was held at Broadway Tabernacle this week, addressed by Dr. Cuyler, President of the National Temperance Society, Secretary Stearns and Drs. MacArthur and Day, Baptist and Methodist pastors. The latter had had no societies of this sort, for they assumed that total abstinence was the rule among their members. They were undeceived by facts given by Miss Julia Coleman and others, who told of those they knew who used intoxicants as beverages, though professing godliness and even voting prohibition for other sinners. Two students of the leading theological seminary of this vicinity, it was said, had been seen intoxicated. The increase of fashionable clubs with the open bar and other debauching influences, and the multiplication of drinking saloons for another stratum of society, help to swell the current of vice and ruin. Effort for the young was urged. Professor Thwing said that he was President of a juvenile society of Cold Water Army boys fifty years ago, being but eleven. Then and since he utilized national holidays in the interests of the reform, taught by book, picture, blackboard, dialogue and song, and took his crusaders out to hold school-house meetings, thus giving them work to do. The organ of the National Society, the *Advocate*, has in the March number an outlined plan and constitution which will be helpful to pastors and others.

Dr. Parkhurst is not deterred by the affected surprise of the city officials at his revelations of municipal rascality, or by the whitewashing given to the district attorney by the grand jury, but says that he will preach another sermon, and "not deviate an inch from the path of duty, being unaffected by the furious roaring of the newspapers. The record of some of the members of the grand jury is being given; an unpleasant thing sometimes it is to have people find out what kind of life you have led." His example is being followed by not a few other prominent preachers. In the midst of his Tuesday evening Sunday-school exposition this week, Dr. Meredith rebuked the fraud showing in State politics, "a villainy that makes my cheeks burn with anger. The Senate was stolen. The courts have said it. The man who engineered that theft is the most prominent candidate of one party for the Presidential nomination. If accepted, this pulpit will ring against him till the campaign closes. It is not politics, but a question of God or Satan." Dissent, we are told by one present, was drowned by the thunder of the next sentence. "It is a question with me whether to be true to God and the land God gave me, or subservient to Tammany and the principles which it represents." The speaker added that there were good and grand men in both parties, and there was not any neces-

sity to elevate bad men. He personally had many good friends among the Democrats. The man who had stolen letters for a political machine was sitting on the bench of the court of appeals to-day as the reward of his crime. OCCASIONAL.
March 5, 1892.

THIS AND THAT.

BY "WASHINGTON."

It was with considerable surprise that I heard recently that there are persons in the membership of some of our leading churches on the Sound who are renting buildings for saloon purposes. "These things ought not so to be." I hope that I have been misinformed; that if this has been the case in the past, it is so no longer. One person, at least, was mentioned as having advanced to higher ground in this respect. He may make less money now, but it will be better money. When persons are given to the making of money in such ways as this, it is a question whether they ought to be regarded as being in the church. It is possible for the name to be on the church roll, and the person be far from the church kingdom. One of the simplest and best definitions of the church that I have ever seen I read this week in one of the articles on "The Laymen's Movement" in the *Review and Expositor*. "The church," it was said, "consists of all those who do, in their daily life, from day to day, as Jesus Christ would have done if he had been in their place."

The troublesome minorities that are frequently found in our churches could, with advantage to all concerned, pattern after the action of a minority in a church of another denomination in one of our Washington cities. The pastor had resigned to take up educational work. At the solicitation of friends, and because the other work did not open up as he had anticipated, he concluded that he would again accept the pastorate of the church if it were offered to him. He had, since the time of his resignation, been supplying the pulpit. The resignation had, however, opened up the way for certain members to look around for some one who, in their opinion, would more nearly meet the needs of the church than the old pastor, and they were not inclined to give him a call. A little unpleasantness seemed to be brewing. When the matter came to a vote, 55 were found to be in favor of the call, and 15 against. To the surprise of the majority, the minority at once moved to make it unanimous. And this done, all went to call on the pastor-elect and his wife at their home near the church to extend greetings, and to express a willingness to co-operate in the work as before.

The town of Edmonds is one of the few places in Western Washington not crowded with churches. The Congregational is the only one occupying the field. The church building is one in which to attend church must indeed be a pleasure. When the building was erected, the people were evidently wanting light—both natural and spiritual. A recent visit there led me to the conclusion that they are the recipients now of both kinds of light. Some of our dingy, poorly lighted church edifices could, with profit, be modeled after the unpretentious little building at Edmonds, with respect to light. Natural light is conducive to spiritual light. And most of us need light—moral light.

Now and then, in unexpected quarters, a semi-prohibitory sentiment, in relation to the liquor traffic, is manifested. There are not a few persons who desire prohibition for a time, at least, when their own immediate and financial interests are concerned, who do not look upon it with favor at other times. The action of the construction company which has the contract for building the great northern railroad in Snohomish county, in petitioning the county commissioners not to allow the sale of liquors within five miles of the line in certain thinly settled parts of the county, is significant. This action, and that of the commissioners in granting the request, and that of the settlers along the line signing a petition asking the commissioners not to recede from their position, are straws showing that public sentiment against the liquor traffic is increasing. Evidently, the evils of the traffic are recognized to-day as never before, and the number of persons who want protection now and then in some special way is increasing. If we all could come to a proper realization of the fact that we are members of one great body, that there can be no individual health and prosperity except in the general health and prosperity, there would, doubtless, be a large growth in the prohibitory sentiment. People would, of course, still have differences of opinion as to the best methods of procedure; but a public sentiment would spring into existence that would ere long do away largely with the evils of intemperance.

In the little city of Port Townsend there are flourishing Baptist, Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, and an Episcopal church with less membership and following,

perhaps, than any of these first mentioned. Nevertheless, one of the newspapers speaks as if the Episcopal church were about all there is of the religious and social element in the place. It says that "fasting, praying, penance and self-denial are the order of day," and make some suggestions for the time during Lent, "while parties are suspended and attractions at the opera-house are few."

I am reminded of a Hoosier editor, a member of a Disciple church, who is accustomed to announce, in his paper, an occasional social held by his denomination in words as follows: "The church social will be held at —." He seems to be unaware of the fact that there are two other flourishing churches in the town, and that they frequently hold socials. Evidently, even in church matters, there is "cheek." It has always seemed to me that there was considerable of it manifested when "this Campbellite," or Disciple church, took the name "the Christian church." Are there no other Christian churches? Was the Saviour absent from the earth eighteen hundred years before there was a Church of Christ?

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

(Continued.)

"Be ye not overcome of evil, but overcome evil by good."

The greatest obstacle in the pathway of practical Christianity is the drink question. Archdeacon Farrar says: "The monster curse, which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all others, is the drink curse." The vices of this age which are the direct outgrowth of the curse of strong drink, would make a pagan blush for shame; we need not take time or space to prove this fact; the proof is ever before our very eyes. Yes, the first obstacle to remove from our path in this warfare for Christ and his kingdom is the 150,000 open doors leading to the depths of hell; or, in other words (words that shame us even as we write them), 150,000 legalized saloons in America, enemies of God and man, and destroyers of the moral health of the nation. We place the temperance reform first, because it is so related to all other reforms as to be the condition precedent to their success. Now, the Church in general will say all this is true; one finds very little argument, if any, against its truth; they only differ as to method in the remedy.

That there should be a shadow of difference as to the remedy among those professing to be guided by the teachings and precepts of the Lord Jesus Christ, is to us a perfect marvel, for do we not find, repeated over and over, the principle laid down that there should be no compromise with evil. "Cease to do evil"; "Abstain from the very appearance of evil."

Turn back to the history of the children of Israel. Pharaoh was willing to accept half-measures (Exodus x: 24), but the command went forth, "Not a hoof be left behind" (Ex. x: 26). Read carefully Ephesians v: 11; II Cor. vi: 14-18. Do we find any law of expediency—shall we consent to present half-measures for fear of any future consequences of insisting on full deliverance; surely, all ye whose ears are open to hear the Divine voice, will hear it saying, "Let my people go, that they may serve me."

Uncompromising fidelity to principle was the "way of escape to the children of Israel from bondage, and the destruction of the tyrant king who oppressed them." The same uncompromising fidelity of principle carried out into action at the ballot-box will deliver us; nothing else. We believe the Bible stands for prohibition of the cursed evil.

Passers through the 150,000 doors spoken of above is an army of men, who go down every year into the depths, and whose only epitaph is, "No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven." Do you believe Jesus Christ, if he were a citizen of the United States, would vote to license those open doors which lead to perdition? Christianity is God's best gift to sinful humanity, is it to be shorn of its power by those who hold it in their hands? Will they prove false or faithless? Christianity is a sacred trust, God's agency for the salvation of men. We are his agents; may our merciful Father help every one to be true to the trust!

We are coming to see that on lines of reform we have hitherto been too negative, denouncing evil, but failing to place in its stead good. God distinctly tells us to "overcome evil by good." Our work must not only be remedial, but preventive. Some one has said that every Christian, to be true to their profession, must be a philanthropist. Now, philanthropy is of two kinds, as Professor Ely has so clearly stated in that grand, good book, "The Social Aspects of Christianity": (1) Preventive, which anticipates evil and prevents it. (2) Positive, which aims to cure existing evil. Preventive philanthropy builds fewer monuments, makes less noise than positive, but must be the kind commending itself to Christians, because it is the kind recommended by Christ himself. Let us examine these two phases of philanthropy a little more closely.

(To be continued.)

God's true name will not rob him.

SPOKANE, WASH.

During the last week or two your correspondent has had the pleasure of meeting two of our denominational society representatives; viz., Rev. Samuel Greene, State Superintendent of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, who preached most acceptably in the First church on the 6th inst., and Rev. Moritz E. Eversz, Superintendent of the German work of the American Home Missionary Society, throughout the country. Mr. Eversz is visiting the Pacific Coast to look up the prospects of Congregational work among the Germans. Taking a run over to the Sound cities with him, I had a good opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Eversz, who is well fitted for the work he has in charge. He goes to Portland, and then down through California; and should any of your readers have an opportunity of meeting and assisting him in his preliminary work, it would, doubtless, be fully appreciated.

It was our good fortune, while in Seattle, to be present at the regular monthly meeting of the Puget Sound Congregational Club, held in the parlors of Plymouth church, on Wednesday evening, March 9th. The speakers were Revs. T. Sims of Tacoma, and George H. Lee and Mr. Ira Bronson of Seattle; followed by Revs. Dr. Brown, Nutting, and Eversz. The subject of "How Far Shall We Adopt Modern Methods in Social Work in Our Churches?" was logically and interestingly handled by the different speakers.

Plymouth church, Seattle, is certainly a beautiful and neat commodious edifice, and when completed, about June 1st, will not be surpassed in the State. It will seat about 1,200, and from its present rate of growth will soon be taxed to accommodate all that desire to hear Mr. Nutting.

Christian Endeavor work in the State was one object of your correspondent's visit to Seattle and Tacoma at this time, and it is a great pleasure to notice the progress that is being made. State Secretary Sizer is a great host in this line himself, and, although a busy man, is constantly at work for Christian Endeavor.

Father Endeavor Clark will visit Washington State in about six weeks, and all are looking forward to his coming with much hopefulness as a time for even greater spiritual awakening. And in Tacoma, also, the meetings soon to be opened by the evangelist, B. Fay Mills, are having active preparations made. Then in May comes the State Convention of Christian Endeavor at Walla Walla, where every Endeavorer should be found. Altogether, it looks as though Washington would make a good long step forward for Christ this spring and summer, and our own people, we are glad to note, are taking no small interest in bringing this about.

March 12, 1892. W. B. W.

DIED.

PRATT.—In this city, March 7, 1892, of scarlet fever, Ethel May, only child of E. J. and Josephine Pratt, a native of Lowell, Mass., aged 6 years 3 months and 7 days.

Little Ethel was a beautiful child. Young though she was, she loved her Saviour, and was surely of "such" as He receives to Himself. Sometimes there is a grace in the child's nature which is not felt by adults in the whirl of business. Children are often strangely susceptible to religious thoughts, as if hearing—

"Voices on the shore
That our ear perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar."

The little maid delighted in the tender beginnings of prayer, and, having learned to read, her Bible began to be prized as a treasure. It was enclosed in the casket with her mortal form. Great is the sorrow, but it is luminous with that hope—

"Which wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
Assuring re-union in the sky."

The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of Plymouth church.

W. D. W.

The University of Vermont receives \$50,000 from the estate of Judge Edwin Flint of Mason City, Iowa.

Publishers' Department

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

NOTICE.

The Annual Meeting of the stockholders of the Occidental Paper Bag Company will be held at the Company's office, No. 316 Sacramento street, San Francisco, on Monday, the 21st day of March, 1892, at 11 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Board of Directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before the meeting.

A. G. Towns,
Secretary.

March 1, 1892.

FURNITURE BARGAINS.

When the California Furniture Company announce a reduction sale of good reliable furniture, it will be well for any one expecting to buy furniture in the next five years to attend same.

They claim to make prices so low during the month of March that they will be "Red Letter Days" to persons in need of good furniture.

A man, well known to the publishers of THE PACIFIC as entirely reliable and capable, wants work in store, office, as collector, or in general business. He is able and willing to work hard. Communicate with him by addressing "C," office THE PACIFIC, 7 Montgomery Ave., S. F.

Ladies, call at the Wonder Hat, Flower and Feather Store, 1024, 1026 and 1028 Market St. New Hats, new feathers. Low prices.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Warren opened the discussion at the last Monday Club on "A Congregational Resort." The particular spot to which he referred is Los Guilicos, in Sonoma county. He gave many reasons to show that this would be a most fitting place for Congregationalists living about the bay to spend their summer vacation. Mr. N. W. Griswold, who lives there, and has found the spot and the climate most delightful, showed many beautiful views of the place, and stated the reasonable terms upon which five-acre tracts could be bought and covered with olive trees, with fine building lots thrown in. It is probable that several members of the Club will visit the place soon.

Among the visitors was Mr. T. C. Kimball, President of the Gansevoort Bank in New York city, who is here for his health, and to visit his brother, Rev. John Kimball, managing editor of THE PACIFIC.

Mr. George W. Pease will address the Club next week on "The Training-school at Springfield, Mass." He is a member of Green-street church, and has just graduated from this school.

Rev. Dr. J. E. Gilbert of Indianapolis preached two good sermons in the First church in this city last Sabbath. There was a praise service in the Green-street church in the evening, under the auspices of the Young People's Society, and conducted by Mr. George W. Pease.

Pastor Cole preached at Olivet church in the morning on "The Second Coming of Christ." In the evening there was a large temperance meeting, and the Olivet Total Abstinence Society was formed, numbering sixty-two members.

Dr. Moor preached again in Bethany church.

Mayflower Circle, Plymouth church, held a public meeting on Tuesday evening of last week. A carefully prepared programme was admirably rendered. Several persons outside of the membership of the Circle availed themselves of the opportunity of being present, and were delighted with the exercises.

Pastor Oakley preached in Plymouth avenue on "Church in the Betweens." At night he delivered a temperance address, and circulated total abstinence cards, which were signed by between forty and fifty persons.

At Lorin our church was reopened, after extensive repairs costing \$600—all paid for. The interior has been papered and painted, the floor has a new carpet, and the windows are of new stained glass. The outside has received two coats of paint. The sermon in the morning, by Rev. Walter Frear, was most appropriate, and so was the music. The audiences, morning and evening, were large. It was a most enjoyable day, and the church and their excellent pastor, Rev. J. D. Foster, are filled with new courage.

Rev. Geo. L. McNutt has resigned the pastorate of the Pilgrim church, Oakland, to take effect April 1st.

The *Equator*, the sailing vessel which was chartered by the American Board last summer to take supplies from this port to our missionaries in Micronesia, returned last Monday. She left the *Morning Star* at Butaritari, an island of the Gilbert group. The *Star* was to sail the next day for Kusaie.

At Plymouth church in the morning the Sunday question was up, and an address was delivered by Rev. Dr. Thomson of the American Sabbath Union.

Superintendent Wiard spent the Sabbath at Sacramento, and took a collection for home missions—\$500, the largest collection ever made by that church for that purpose.

Rev. Dr. Warren spent the Sabbath at Cloverdale. He speaks of the high regard of the people for Pastor W. L. Jones, who, for several years, has been the pastor of our church there. At the Young People's meeting in the evening sixty were present, and fifty of these attended the evening service. During the day a collection of \$64 was taken for home missions.

There were two additions on confession at the last communion to our church at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.

Evangelistic services are being held this week in our church at Riverside, Rev. D. D. Hill of Pasadena assisting the pastor. The third anniversary of the Riverside Chinese Mission drew a large house. Dr. Pond conducted the services, which consisted of singing, Scripture recitations, and addresses by the members of the mission. The W. H. M. S. gave a "missionary tea," in connection with the yearly opening of the mite boxes. A bright, instructive programme followed, catching the ear, and, we hope, the heart of many not accustomed to missionary meetings. The contributions for the year amounted to \$191.50, of which \$175 was sent to the A. H. M. S.

March 11, 1892.
Last Sabbath week four were received to the membership of our First church in Salt Lake City, one of them on confession of faith.

Last Sunday was a red-letter day with the Rio Vista church. The congregations filled the church both morning and evening. Communion in the morning; 24 were received into the church, 18 on confession and 6 by letter; attendance at pastor's Bible class, 22. A Y. P. S. C. E. was organized one week ago of 42 members; attendance at their meeting last Sabbath night, 50. It was a model meeting, two or three on their feet at a time to take part. The pastor is meeting with the hearty support and co-operation of the people, which is resulting in the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the church and community, and the salvation of many souls.

At the communion services of our church at San Jose, March 6th, ten were admitted to fellowship, three of them on confession. Attendance at this church is as good, to say the least, as at any time in its history. The church at Campbell's station was dedicated last Sabbath afternoon at 3 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Tenney preached the sermon.

DEAR PACIFIC: On Saturday, March 5th, I held services with the Mound church. Three were received into membership, two upon profession of faith. In the afternoon the ordinance of baptism, by immersion, was administered to five young ladies in Scott river. Monday evening, March 7th, we held a sacramental meeting, the first in our new organization. It was an interesting and profitable service. Three children were consecrated to God in baptism. L. WALLACE. CALLAHAN, Mar. 9, 1892.

March 6th was the bi-monthly communion day at the San Juan church, at which five were received into fellowship; two by letter and three upon confession. The three were young people, natives of the place, and owe their religious life largely to the Y. P. S. C. E., of which they are active members. All three were baptized in church at the morning service, as also the infant child of the young couple uniting by letter. A decided increase of interest is manifested all along the line, with hopeful indication that others will soon unite with the church. The Y. P. S. received three at its last monthly business meeting, and six others sent requests for membership. The congregations last Sunday were the largest during the last seven months.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Apropos of the Santa Barbara friend's word about reporting Dr. Abbott's "good things," let no one forget that the Christian newspaper is as truly a "watchman on the walls" as is the preacher. If God holds the pulpit responsible for failure to warn men of approaching danger, will he not also approve the work of a conscientiously watchful journal? Great errors may come from great men. M. J. LUKAK. EASTERN.

The church at Weaver, Iowa, received sixteen at the last communion. The revival meetings at York, Iowa, conducted by D. N. Hartsough, have been greatly blessed.

A new church was recently organized at Norrie, Wis., and Mrs. Margaret R. Elliott called to be pastor. Fifth-avenue church, Minneapolis, has trebled its membership during the four and a half years Rev. S. W. Dickinson has been pastor.

February 28th the Swedish Emmanuel church, New Haven, dedicated its new house of worship. It is of brick, and will seat about 500.

Forty-three united with the Plymouth church, Detroit, March 6th. One hundred and thirty-one have been received by this church in the past seven months.

The church at Wauwatosa, Wis., celebrated its 50th anniversary, March 2d. Father Clapp, for many years pastor of this church, was present as were also others who had been pastors.

OREGON NOTES.

On the 3d inst. Superintendent Curtis of the C. S. S. & P. S. went to Pendleton, and on the day following to Walla Walla, where he had a conference with Superintendent Greene of Washington with reference to co-operation in the border work; and it is expected that arrangements will be effected whereby each can help the other in this way. On the 5th he preached at Pendleton for Pastor Whittlesey, and the Lord's Supper was celebrated. Four members were received—three by letter and one on confession. Mr. Whittlesey is getting the work at Pendleton well in hand, and it is prospering under his care. The outlook seems very hopeful. The audience in the evening was fully 100—more than half being men.

The prospect for organizing two or more Sunday-schools in the immediate vicinity of Pendleton is good. For the present Superintendent Curtis' assistant, Rev. Hubert F. Burgess, will have his headquarters at this place, and his work will be confined to Eastern Oregon.

Last Friday evening Superintendent Curtis went to Clatsop county, and will organize one or more Sunday-schools to-day among the scattered settlements on the Lewis and Clark river, some eight to twelve miles south of Astoria, at points which can only be reached by small boats. This work has been made possible mainly

through the efforts of Rev. H. S. Lyman, supplemented by a member of Plymouth church in this city, who has a brother living in the vicinity referred to.

Five members were received by the church at Forest Grove last Sunday.

The subject of Pastor Clapp's discourse at the First church this morning was "Our Treatment of Our Fellow-men the Final Test of Character."

The reception to new members in the First church last Wednesday evening was well attended, and an occasion of much pleasure in consequence.

Professor Whittlesey of Pacific University is a nephew of Rev. B. Fay Mills, the great evangelist.

On the 4th inst. the forty-second anniversary of the Oregon Bible Society, which is the oldest benevolent society in the State, was held in Grace M. E. church, in this city. An excellent musical programme was rendered by a male quartet. Three short addresses were given by laymen of ripe experience, setting forth in a most simple and practical way the value of the Bible to our race, and numerous methods whereby a knowledge of the Word may be acquired. From the report of the District Superintendent, Rev. P. C. Hertzler, the subjoined items are gleaned: The field of the Society embraces all of Oregon, Eastern Washington except Walla Walla and Kittitas counties, and northwestern Idaho. In this large district are thirty-four branches and four Bible committees, which receive their supplies from the central depository in Portland, the value of which, during the past year, has been \$1,189.30. During same time books amounting to \$313.25 have been sent to volunteer agents. Total sales of Bibles and Testaments for the year has been \$2,485.23. Since 1875, 86,975 visits have been made, and 6,625 families found who had no Bibles, and 4,682 of these supplied; in addition to these, 7,773 individuals have been supplied. The treasurer's report shows that \$2,408.68 were received during the year. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Rev. G. W. Gue, of Grace M. E. church; Vice-Presidents, resident pastors of all co-operating churches; Secretary, O. P. S. Plummer, M.D.; Treasurer, James Steel; Executive Committee—F. S. Akin, D. Dalgleish, E. Quackenbush, Dr. G. H. Chance, Wm. Wadhams, C. L. Fay, Dr. J. S. Dale, J. R. Ewing, Wm. Wilder.

The ladies of the Congregational church at Oregon City gave "The Deedrick Skule" one evening last week, at one of the public halls of the place. The entertainment netted \$110.

The First Church of East Portland received two members by letter last Sunday. To-day Rev. Moritz E. Eversz, Superintendent of Home Missionary among the Germans of the United States, who arrived here last Friday, preached for Pastor Rominger, taking for his text Romans xiv: 7—"For none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself." In his discourse he gave an account of the work among the Germans, especially in North Dakota, where there is a large colony of Russian Germans, among whom it had been his privilege to labor to some extent. The sermon was a very practical one and full of interest in every way, unfolding very clearly that the warmest Christian fellowship should be extended to these people. For the most part they are earnest evangelical Christians. A considerable settlement is to be found in the neighborhood of Albina, and Mr. Eversz preached for them yesterday in their own tongue. He will remain here two or three days longer, and then go South. He is making a tour of observation, with a view of selecting points where may be stationed missionaries for the benefit of the class of population referred to.

The reception tendered to Rev. M. A. Dougherty, the new pastor of Plymouth Church, last Tuesday evening, was a most pleasant affair. A large number from the First Church were in attendance.

Rev. B. Fay Mills arrived here last Friday. The union meetings will begin here to-day at 3:30 P. M. There is much hope of a great awakening. The union prayer-meeting last Monday evening at the First Presbyterian Church was very largely attended and was strongly marked by deep spiritual power. There is an entire absence of anything savoring of excitement. A deep feeling of profound need for a great spiritual uplifting seems to characterize the church-going community, and much united prayer has for weeks been going up in that behalf. The churches that were lukewarm and that had refused to co-operate, with the exception of the Baptist churches, have now fallen heartily into line and it is believed that the Baptist churches will unite in the movement as soon as a series of special missionary meetings, appointed before the Mills meetings were settled upon, are closed which will be within two days.

Francis Murphy begins a series of gospel temperance meetings at Oregon City on the 17th inst.

The first meeting under the leadership of Mr. Mills was held to-day at 3:30. Long before the hour, the great body of the Tabernacle, estimated to hold three thousand persons, was filled, and by 3:45 every available space for either sitting or standing was occupied. The service of song was led by Mr. Greenwood, who came with Mr. Mills, supported by a volunteer chorus of nearly two hundred, many of whom had been practicing for the past three weeks. At the close of the song service, Mr. Greenwood sang in a most touching and impressive manner a solo—"Ho! Every one that is thirsty in Spirit." Then, after prayer by Rev. T. E. Clapp and a brief announcement by Rev. W. H. Landon, D.D., Chairman of the Executive Committee, having general charge of these meetings, Mr. Mills was introduced. He first read the 126th Psalm, and threw a flood of light upon its meaning by his comments. His sermon was founded upon Acts x: 29—"For what intent have ye sent for me?" The circumstances under which Peter uttered these words were recounted. A parallel was drawn between that occasion and the present one, and the difference in the condition of the world pointed out. The sermon was characterized by its simplicity and almost clearness, and made impressive by the earnestness of the speaker, who made it apparent to all that he believed in the power of the gospel to convert men. There was no attempt at oratorical effect. The sermon was grouped about these three points:

1. That we might emphasize the value of the unity existing between the churches of Christ.

2. We are gathered to emphasize the fact that the Church of Christ is an aggressive institution, and have no other purpose than that we may bring lost souls to Christ.

3. We are gathered because we desire to emphasize the power of the Holy Ghost, and emphasize our faith in Him in the work that is to be done. GEO. H. HIMES. PORTLAND, March 13, 1892.

TO THE FRIENDS

+ OF THE +

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASS'N

WE are grateful that our work has gone forward so long without debt or special appeal. We break this silence now only because we must.

Our contributions are falling off. It is reported that the Association has ample means. This is a mistake. The principal of the Hand Fund cannot be used, as were the Otis and Sweet legacies of the American Board; only the income, and that only for the purposes described in the trust. We have kept out of debt only by the most resolute effort. Is it reasonable, on this account, to shorten our means? We are now asking not enlargement, but present support. Must we incur a debt before our friends awaken to a sense of our need?

At just this time of our narrowing means, thousands in our mission fields, from Georgia to Texas, are in distress. The cotton crop, their main dependence, is at its lowest selling price for forty years. While the depression is general, the condition of the colored people is pitiable. In not a few cabin homes hunger already threatens. Parents fail in the school support of their children. Pinnances painfully set aside for school or church have to go for food. Pastors' families lack the means of living. Pupils have to give up school. While we are appealed to for more help we are furnished with less means.

Never has this vast work been more hopeful and successful, never more urgent. Must we close the doors of church and school against these poor peoples, the poorest of the poor? If so, where? In the black belt? Along the shores of the gulf? In the southern mountains? Among the Dakotas? On the Pacific Coast?

Amidst the rightful demands arising everywhere from all Christian missions, we ask only that the needs of these despised and helpless peoples within our borders be not neglected.

Will not those who have charged us with this work consecrate anew their benevolence to its help? Will not our pastors find or make an opportunity for their congregations to come to its immediate aid?

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BOARDMAN ON REGENERATION.

BY REV. DR. GEO. F. MAGOUN.

The remark is ascribed to Professor Boardman of Chicago Seminary that there needs to be a new consideration, a more just and exhaustive study, of the doctrine and fact of the new birth. He has now promoted this by a small volume of 126 pages, published by the F. H. Revell Co. It bears the marks of his sagacious, candid and careful mind and his devout and cautious habits of thought. He observes that but one-third or one-fourth the space is given to this subject by theologians that is given to the atonement. Using the word "redemption" in a different and more precise sense than that of many, and the word "salvation" for result of regenerating grace, he observes that "redemption does not include salvation." He suggests the phrase "Scheme of Restoration" as the better, comprehensive title.

The book is in six chapters—I. "Every Man Must be Twice Born." II. "Death in Life, Legality." III. "The New Life." IV. "Regeneration a Fact." V. "The Author of It." VI. "Conversion." "The change which takes place is a radical one, which gives rise to new deeds and new methods of life—a new morality and a new aim in labor, as much as if one were created a new and different person." The figurative Scripture name is here justified—"man must be twice born." It is legitimate, therefore, and necessary, to deny that this can come to pass by evolution. "There are no qualities of the soul to be developed into spirit life," and "no one is born with the spirit in affiliation with the Spirit of God." Dr. Boardman not only excepts Jesus, with whom "the two births occurred together," from this statement, but also Jeremiah and John the Baptist. "The need of a new birth rose from forfeiture of a possible development." "When we see the self-indulgences of the rich, the envy of the poor, the moral degradation of the communist and the recklessness of the anarchist, the simple suggestion of development according to law seems like grim satire."

From such a starting point, only a thoroughly Biblical doctrine of the subject could follow—that of the true theologian. Not all, however, of the Chicago professor's philosophical propositions would be accepted by all theologians. He adopts Coleridge's view of the will and sin, and his words are: "The will degraded to nature," "a dead will," "dead spirit," we "came into the world with the will weighted," "religious choices already made," "a mass of ready-made choices," "inserted between knowledge and conscience on the one hand and the will on the other." Man acts "only as he is acted on." The will without determinations is called "a mere formless substance; no will, but having the possibility of becoming a will." "God is free, because his knowledge extends to the entire sphere of his action, and his will is constantly, spontaneously, in accord with his knowledge." "Our first parents did not confine themselves to this range of action, but went beyond their knowledge in choosing." Yet "Adam was left to the freedom of his own will." All this is hardly clear; so change of heart is at one time called "change of disposition," at another "exchange of substances." And subsequently, as to conversion, it is said with truth that "the Scriptures prescribe the highest duties precisely as they do the lowest, making no allowance for an inability to perform them," which falls in with the conviction of natural ability, rather than its opposite.

The chapter on "Regeneration as a Fact," and the two following, are of great excellence. Of Christian truths it is said: "The regenerate man has experiences which give these doctrines form and connection one with another, and finally they combine in a unit, and with other doctrines form a scheme or system of truth which he calls his faith. His faith is the substance in which they inhere. He comes to believe them as doctrines not open to question, and as attributes of the faith which God has given him, and on which he rests. So firm is this foundation, the Christian faith of the redeemed, that many have considered it the best established reality entering into our human life. Many have actually found their warrant for believing in the reality of the earth, of physical nature, in their Christian faith; * * * and no one has better assurance of the divine existence than he whose heart has been created anew." To which let us all say Amen!

GRINNELL, Ia., Feb., 1892.

DIVORCE.

The National Divorce Reform League is a New England institution which seeks to unify the reform sentiment of the country, and bring about agreement upon measures. This is absolutely essential to success in securing uniformity of the laws, either by agreement among the States or by an amendment to the constitution, which shall delegate the regulation of divorces to Congress. Six States have appointed commissions to investigate and correspond with each other, and report to their several legislatures. These States are Massa-

chusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Michigan. It is believed that other States will take similar action this winter. By this means, uniformity can be reached. Every State will be largely influenced by anything recommended by the commissions of other States. As the subject is investigated, and light thrown upon it, views both stringent and loose are undergoing correction and modification. It appears that, though there are more divorces in America than elsewhere, the relations of the sexes are on a much higher plane than in any other country. In all the continental States illegal marriages receive countenance from society and exemptions from the laws. These marriages may be contracted and dissolved *ad libitum*, and yet in no case go upon the records of the divorce courts. Moreover, in Europe, as a rule, wives have no rights. They are owned by their husbands, and the husband's profligacy is no legal grievance. Theoretically, this is not true of England, but practically it is so. There are other reasons. A daughter married off in Europe, is an encumbrance gotten rid of. She gets her dowry and goes into the family of her husband, which is always in a very real way a part of a clan, and thus shuts the doors of her childhood home against herself forever. The love toward her of her parents must be subordinated to property and traditional considerations. She is everywhere an appendant and a dependent. All this is different in America. The father and mother extend their protecting care to the daughter after she has left the parental home—and they are quick and eager in resenting any wrong done to her. So long as the old home remains, its doors are wide open to her as a place of refuge and security. The wife is here as well armed for the protection of her marital rights as the husband is for his. This doubles the number of divorces. There is still another avenue. Self-help is happily, yet so generally possessed by American women that their enslavement to profligate or brutal husbands is not so easy. With a little backing from the old home a wronged wife can take care of herself and of her children. Marital disagreements mature early, usually before there are many children to care for. All these tend to the increase of divorces, and they by no means result in consequences wholly evil. All these aspects of divorce are coming under observation. Divorce is not *per se* an evil—on the contrary legitimate divorce makes for righteousness. All that civil law can do is to identify, and correct or punish, the evil in it. Here our laws are very defective and weak. Divorce presupposes a practical abrogation of the marriage contract. This is a double injury, to the wronged person and to society. What is needed is uniform justice, the restoration of individual rights and the rights of society, so far as is possible, at the expense of the wrongdoer. Reform in the divorce laws is not to be attained, as in Europe, by the suppression of justice and of rights, but by affording effective means for their vindication.—Interior.

GLEANINGS.

Intoxicants are Satan's kindling wood.

It will not make your own heart any purer to throw mud at another man.

There is much truth in some one's keen remark to this effect, "Busy women seem to have all the time there is, for idle ones always say they haven't any."

One reason why some people do not have more power for the Lord is because they are not willing to pull. They want to ride on the wagon and hold the flag.

I have a perfect right to ask God for strength equal to the day, but I have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength for to-morrow's burden. When to-morrow comes grace will come with it, and sufficient for the tasks, the trials, or the troubles.—Cuyler.

The parents who rear their sons in idleness are doing them an unspeakable harm. Every boy is entitled to know by actual experience what hard manual labor means, and to get the blessing that comes from toughened muscles and a sun-tanned skin.—Our Society Journal.

There is nothing which makes us acquainted with Christ himself as sorrow, and hence there is nothing so efficacious in eradicating self. It is God's cure for selfishness. It is his way of making us seek not our own, but the things which are Jesus Christ's.—H. Bonar.

To-morrow is large enough to break down anybody, because it is larger than our strength, and God does not fit it to our backs. So let us say it over and over again, though we already know it so well. And if we would handle our load, let us not take too much at once.—Clark.

The only conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity is that he give himself for a principle. Words, money, all thing else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him.

Miscellany.

The Bell of the Angels.

It is said, somewhere, at twilight,
A great bell softly swings,
And a man may listen and hearken
To the wondrous music that rings.

If he put from his heart's inner chamber
All the passion, pain and strife,
Heartache and weary longing
That throb in the pulses of life;

If he thrusts from his soul all hatred,
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in the holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.

Let us look in our hearts, and question
Can purer thoughts enter in
To a soul if it be already
The dwelling of thoughts of sin?

So, then, let us ponder a little—
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Can ring for you and me.

—Our Dumb Animals.

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ, OR HINDO THEISM.

In contrast with the gross idolatry of Hindustan generally, this modern reform, of the above name, is a most welcome improvement; and, while it seems impossible to keep out of it the obtrusive ambitiousness of man, its general features and aims command our sincere respect; however lacking in substantial or final authority, it has much of good in it. Its first exponent or organizer was Raja Ram Mohan Roy, an educated Baboo, and leader of native thought in Calcutta, in about 1830. He, with many of his educated compeers, became more than dissatisfied with orthodox Hinduism, and he began to discuss and agitate the question of radical improvements in his country's religion. It would seem with some an honest attempt to extract and establish a pure theism out of chaotic pantheism. We wait to see their desired success! Among the well-read Hindus, especially among the more refined, there had long been a growing conviction that, however pure the earliest Vedic teachings may have been, modern Hinduism was but gross idolatry and debasing superstition. These enlightened Baboos, trained in the high schools and colleges of the British Government and missionary bodies, were, in many cases, men of high classical attainments—B. A.'s and M. A.'s, and they could not fail to command attention, in proportion, as they made their views known. Yet such is the hold of heathenism that, comparatively speaking, they made but slow progress among the masses; who are, generally, besotted in ignorance and in their own hoary traditions. Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen joined their ranks, and soon became their foremost "apostle," proving himself to be second only to Raja Ram Mohan Roy himself.

The "Brahmo Somaj," or the Society of Brahmans, professes to be "both a universal religion and a form of Hinduism." It claims Brahma as "the one supreme being," the adoration of whom makes a man a Hindu believer. But it seems to allow its members the utmost latitude, in choice of guardian and favorite gods, on the ground that "every Hindu addresses his favorite god as Brahma." It claims that Brahma's name, as supreme, is met with in the Sruthis, the Snorithis, Dharshanas, Puranas and Tantras, and in all the Shastras, and as being sung or chanted at almost every Hindu ceremony. The Brahmans have compiled a religious manual from the Shastras, with a form of religious services of texts from the Vedas, and a ritual, containing much of the ancient form of devotion; and being, as they believe, a legitimate result from the higher teachings of the Vedas, they claim to be Hindus, even while professing to be Theists, in opposition to Hinduism commonly. The following is a statement of their doctrines; viz.: "(1) The books of nature and intuition form the basis of the Brahmin faith; (2) they accept any truth contained in any books; (3) that the religious state of man is progressive; (4) that the fundamental doctrines of their religion are at the basis of every religion of man; (5) they believe in one Supreme God, a God endowed with moral attributes, a distinct personality, and intelligence befitting the government of the universe, and they worship him alone (they do not believe in his incarnation); (6) they believe in the immortality and progressive state of the soul, and that a state of conscious existence succeeds the present life, and as supplementary to it as respects the action of the universal moral government; (7) that repentance is the only way to atonement and salvation; (8) they pray for spiritual welfare and believe in the efficacy of such praying; (9) they believe in the providential care of the Divine Father; (10) that love for him, and doing works he loves, constitute his worship; (11) that public worship is proper, but that no one's place is more essential than another; (12) that pilgrimages are useless, and that holiness is attainable over by elevating and purifying the mind; (13) they believe in

moral duty done to God and man as the way to everlasting life; (14) they deny caste—all mankind are brothers."

Since their first formation, they have extended their organizations to many if not to all parts of India, sending out paid agents and missionaries to propagate their views. There is not, probably, any large city in India without its Brahmo Somaj. While visiting one of the summer resorts, Dargeeling, some four hundred miles north of Calcutta, on the Himalayas, I was surprised one day to come upon an oblong square building, exactly like many a little Christian church. But when I asked, "Whose place of worship is this?" the reply was, "It belongs to the Brahmo Somaj." Many of their paid agents, I was told, go forth on "fifteen rupees a month"—about \$7.50! But this, in proportion, is a liberal salary, since living in India among Hindus is so exceedingly cheap.

In some parts, they at one time had different names, as in Madras, where, at first, they called themselves the "Veda Somaj"; but in 1871, they accepted the common name of "Brahmo." They have numbers of newspapers throughout India, advocating their teachings, and do almost any amount of printing. Works from England and the West are laid under tribute; especially such anti-Christian books as those of Hobbs, Tom Paine, Bradlaugh, Renan, and similar works. In short, they are getting translations into the leading languages of India, something of everything, which is likely, in any way, to help on their views.

In harmony with their leading opinions they are also attempting some minor reforms, as in the case of Hindu marriages—child marriages—which involve or induce so many widows! The Brahmo Somaj has its own marriage code, and is doing all it can to encourage the marriage of widows, so often young children, or maidens in their teens, whose boy (or baby) husbands have died, ere the marriage could be consummated. Indeed, these Brahmans are in sympathy with very much that is Western and Christian, and, so far, are worthy of all praise. Attending one of their religious services once, to learn what it was, I found many evidences of devotion, mixed, of course, with much that to me was strange; and what struck me most, their priest or preacher, for their services, so far as I saw, have no sacrifices and no priests—who was devoutly squatted upon a mat, praying or chanting aloud, with a gently swaying body and full-toned voice, extemporized his addresses to the deity, in praise and prayer mingled, while native scribes wrote them down, to be afterwards printed and made into native hymns for the Somaj. It was their leader, Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen himself. Another minister was with me, and we did not stay to the conclusion of the service, or we might have interviewed the Baboo at any length.—Selected.

LIVES OF POE.

Certain British publishers are trying to revive one of the effete Lives of Poe, and advertising it as "the best." They ought to know better. It should be understood that all accounts of this author prior to 1885 are both inadequate and incorrect. This involves small blame to their writers, for Poe so industriously concealed and falsified the facts of his own history, especially in its earlier part, that the truth proved to be down a very deep well indeed. The first account of him, by Griswold (1850) was so venomous as to cause a reaction, and sundry efforts were made during the next thirty years to rehabilitate an unhappy and ill-used genius. Mr. Ingram's, the chief of these, which is now being pushed across the water, is misleading both in its details and in its general estimate of the man. Mr. G. E. Woodberry, who next took the difficult task, did a deal of able detective work, unearthing Poe's connection with the United States army, and other queer things. His researches were conducted and the results stated in an eminently judicial spirit and with sufficient critical acumen, and what his book leaves to be desired is unlikely to be supplied by anybody. It is an offence against accuracy to put any of the other alleged Lives of Poe in rivalry with this.—Lippincott's.

GET CLEAR INTO THE CHURCH.—The difference in men is not one of brains, but of purpose. The brains of two men may be of equal size and with the same fiber, but the lives of the men may be very different, and the difference is in the purpose, the will of the individual. One is controlled by master motives, while the other fritters away his life in petty details and without a great end before him. Some men enter the church in a half-hearted way, as if they expected to get out soon.—Oracle.

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